GE
976.701
Sl08c

Gc
976.701
Sco8c
1147156

M! L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 02302 7508

From Memory's Scrap Book

By P. M. Claunts, McAllen, Texas.

A HISTORY OF THE EARLY EVENTS AND HAPPENINGS IN SCOTT AND SEBASTIAN COUNTIES, ARKANSAS

HOW THE PIONEER FAMILIES LIVED, LOVED, LABORED AND FOUGHT; AND FORMED FROM THE FOREST PRIMEVAL, HOMES, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, TOWNS AND CITIES.

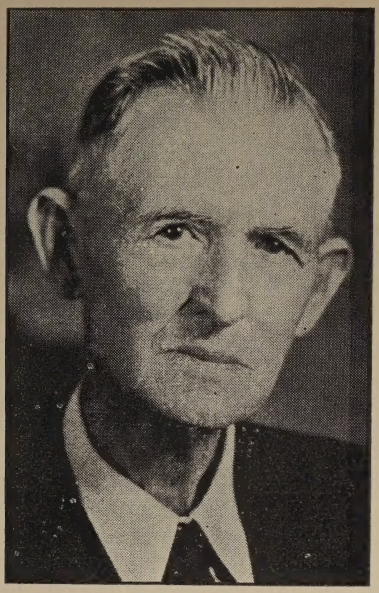
A book that will be kept and appreciated by your children, grandchildren and on and on into the future years.

PRICE 60 CENTS.

Order from the author or The Advance Reporter Waldron, Arkansas.

From Memory's Scrap Book

By P. M. Claunts, McAllen, Texas.



P. M. CLAUNTS

Twelve years of his early life was spent in Scott County, Arkansas.

Including several pages written by the late Col. Ben T. Duval, who may well be styled "Albert Pike II." In this write-up taken from his own pen in 1901, he gives the early set-up of Sebastian county and establishment of the county seat at Greenwood, with much history and personal mention of people and happenings of the early days.

Nothing to compare with this write-up has ever been published in Sebastian county and considering: The scholar, the writer, the lawyer, the Legislator and the statesman he was, this contribution alone is worth many times the price of this little book and no library, office or home can well afford to be without a copy of it at hand.

Some pioneer history and many personal mentions of early settlers in Southeastern Sebastian and Southwestern Scott counties, with stories and incidents of early happenings as taken from his Memory's Scrap Book.

Yours Truly
P. M. Claunts

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF
THE CITY OF TORONTO
AND
CANADIANA DEPARTMENT

FROM MEMORY'S SCRAP BOOK

BY P. M. CLAUNTS, McALLEN, TEXAS.

1147156

JANUARY, 1938

Some early history of Scott county, Ark., more particularly the southwestern part of the county. In writing this story I may be like a survey in locating a certain corner of land, may have to begin miles away in order to establish a place of beginning. This story is mostly taken from memory but is practically correct.

In the winter of 1867 my father, J. H. Claunts, Dr. P. H. Chapman and a man by the name of Lingo who lived about ten miles east of Greenwood, Sebastian county, packed their horses and made for a camp hunt into the Blackfork and Rich mountains in the southwest corner of Scott county. The woods were abounding with wild game and father became so enchanted with the abundance of wild life while on this trip, he contracted for a small farm in what is known as Haw Creek valley which runs east and west and parallels Blackfork valley, on the north, a small mountain lying between the two valleys. On his return from this hunting trip our Sebastian county farm, my native home, was sold to J. W. Johnson, father of Jo Johnson, who later became a noted lawyer and politician and servved as prosecuting attorney in the Waldron courts.

In this trade father took in some cattle and probably some hogs and one horse. These added to our stock on hand made up abut 30 or 40 head of each. Early in the spring of 1867 we loaded out for Scott county in the old style covered wagon. Mother and baby sister were assigned to the wagon, father walked by the side of the trusty yoke of oxen to guide their way. The older children walked and took time about riding the horse. It took the first day to get started and to train the hogs and cattle to follow the wagon. We were six days traveling not more than 60 miles. The roads were just barely opening; no bridges and many mountain streams to be crosssed. The sturdy yoke of oxen climbed the hills and mountains and forded the streams with their cargo. The hogs and calves would often have to swim and at times some of the pigs would give out and would be placed on the wagon until night when they would take a rest. Our route brought us into the Fort Smith and Waldron road at the old Awalt place east of Abbott and north of the old Trotter home. The fourth night of the journey we camped on the south bank of Poteau, west of Waldron and just across the river south of Hon. Feed for the stock was quite a problem as the settlements were so far between. At this camp lived a family by the name of Heartsfield and they showed us every kindness taking us into their warm cabin and allowing us to pallet on their floor, instead of out on the ground as we had been camping; and abundance of feed was secured for all the stock. The next day we made it to the home of Thompson Bates on Jones creek at the north foot of Walker mountain. Here we also found genuine southern hospitality and plenty of feed for the stock. (Later I will return to the subject of

this home and make further mention). The next day we climbed the Walker mountain and just at night landed at the port of our destination. This place was known then as the Estep home; two log cabins and no out buildings. Mr. Estep had moved away with his family and the place was surrounded by wolves and other wild animals and desolation.

The first task was to provide a safety for the young stock and soon a corral was built in which theywere kept at night to protect them from ravages of the wolves and bear which roamed the woods at that time.

This was about 25 miles southwest of Waldron and the little farms west boundary line was the dividing line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory. The next thing in order was to prepare for a crop as it was then about the first of February. Regadless of child labor, all went to work. The little farm was cleaned up and the first year the virgin soil produced a wonderful crop of corn and cotton, pumpkins, beans, turnips and both kinds of potatoes. The herd of cattle increased and the hogs multiplied. The native grass grew so tall and heavy it would fall over and in the fall a new growth would come up and afford green grass for the stock all winter as the fallen grass would provide a roof and protection from the winter snow. The cattle would live all winter and come in the spring in good flesh but some grain and other provender was given the milk cows, work oxen and horses.

The large Postoak and Whiteoak forest trees produced abundant fall of acrons for the hogs and they stayed fat all the year. Wolves, bear and panthers were destructive to young calves and pigs. They were not protected at night. Three good dogs rendered great assistance in the protection of young stock. Many evenings the wolves could be heard on the mountains on either side of the valley and not unfrequently could we hear the dismal shriek of the panthers as they would roam the mountain side. No task to have plenty of wild fresh meat at any time, as wild deer and turkeys were in abundance. It was no wonder that boys here would learn to shoot a gun and even a six-shooter, at a young age. It was a great thrill when brother Bob and myself had to have time off from the farm labor and go to the woods with our guns which our father had provided for us, and the trusty dogs and bring in the wild meat. Haw Creek was alive with fish and fishing was a great sport as well as with the gun and dogs. May I say here the largest Bass I have ever seen, I caught in this mountain stream when a very small boy. We had no scales on which to weigh it but it could not straignten out in a No. 3 washtub. I think it would have weighed at least 12 pounds. Father had to land this bass for me, as it was more than I could handle.

It was two miles to our nearest neighbor and four miles to the nearest. Wm. Wiles with a large family lived two miles east of us; he had two or three grown daughters and three sons, Walt, Jack and Jim. Walt and Jack were typical woodsmen and expert shots with rifle as well as the six-shooters; the hunters always carry one or two six-shooters in their belts when in the woods hunting for big game. The rifle was the old muzzle loading type and the six-shooters were of the cap and ball

make as the cartridge type of firearms at this date had not made their advent, into this pioneer country.

The Wiles family kept a pack of dogs known as bear dogs; they were black curs with rather small body with large head and jaws. They were fearless and active. In the winter when the bears were fat this family would kill them and put them up as pork for the years supply. When the trained dog scented a bear trail they pursued with continous barking until the bear was overtaken; then they would nab the bear by the hind legs but never close in for a fight; the bear would invariably turn for a fight but the trained dogs would back off and bay. Should the bear start a retreat the dog wouldrepeat his catch and the bear would turn again, sit down and slap at the dogs but they were active and able to keep their safe distance. This was kept up until the hunter could approach and get a shot with his trusty rifle and should he not make a dead shot which was often the case, the fight was then on and the six-shooter brought into action. It is useless to say the bear would ever escape. Our father was often lured on these hunts with Mr. Wiles and the two older boys, Walt and Jack, and on his return would seldom fail to provide bear meat for the family. We children learned to like the wild meat and almost thought that hog meat was only good for lard and seasoning except at butchering time when the pork was fresh. The hams and shoulders were taken to Fort Smith and sold on the market or exchanged with merchants for merchandise, mostly coffee, sugar and salt.

The old-fashioned spinning wheel and loom were still in service and most of the family's supply of clothing was carded, spun and wove into cloth for the whole family.

FIRST SCHOOL

One may think this was a purely back-woods community but far from it, I say far: which is true, but far behind the back-woods. No dawn of a school of learning had ever made its appearance. The first school to be taught in this valley was by the writers mother, who organized and taught a three-months summer school our first year in this valley. A few more families had moved in and the school composed of about one dozen mostly grown-ups besides the home children. Jake Wiles, frother of Wm. Wiles, had settled about two miles east of his brother Wm. There were several children from this home to attend school: Ike, Wash and Dusky. One mile east of Jake Wiles lived a Mrs. Jackson; she seemed to have been married three times; her oldest son was grown, his name was Richard Patterson, his half sister and half brother was Mary Frost and Phillip Jackson who attended the school; others were Walt Jack and Jim Wiles and two grown sisters.

Two young men from the Indian Territory who lived four miles west of our cabin home Louis Carter and Haywood Purnell. Several of this bunch were grown-ups and learned the alphabet and to spell words of few sylables and also to write their names with short sentenses. This class was assembled out in the yard under a large pen-oak tree and where father had arranged improvised seats or benches for them. I mention this

condition that the reader may fully know that this was as stated above "far behind the back-woods."

Our nearest church organization was five or six miles away in Blackfork valley and across Haw Creek mountain. Father and we children would walk and attend church and Sunday school here most every Sunday when the weather was fair, especially during the spring and summer. At times the whole family would go in the ox wagon, with dinner prepared and spend the day for an afternoon service. Father was superintendent of the Sunday school and taught a Bible class of men and mother taught a class of youngsters. May I further say they were not only Sunday Christians but lived and taught it each day of the week in our home. The children never knew what it was to retire at night until the family worship, when we would kneel around the fire side for prayer after a chapter from the Bible had been read and often a song in which all could take part, which was lead by father; should he be absent from home his place in this worship was conducted by our mother. This sacred devotion has been the leading spirit and the greatest guide in moral life and right living to all the children of any and all things else.

20 MILES TO NEAREST MILL

There was not a grist mill in this valley and only a water mill in Blackfork valley, which could only operate during the rainy seasons when the creeks were flush with water. There was a mill operated by a man by the name of Beaty, on the east bank of Poteau at Winfield, a few miles west of Waldron where the farmers would go with their corn for their meal, for there was no wheat grown in this section up to that time. It would often take two days to go to this mill and return and when one wagon would go it would often take grain for the neighborhood.

There were four sons in the Beaty family, Frank, Byrum, Jasper and Green and all seemed to posess some special knack for operating machinery and most of them were later identified with other mills, Cotton gins and saw mills. Father was a German by nationality but was left without parents in North Carolina and was seperated from his people when three years old and brought with a younger brother to Tennessee, where he grew to manhood, coming to Sebastian county, Arkansas, in 1858. He posessed the characteristics of his native people and believed in systematizing in most of his endeavers. He grew the first wheat ever to be harvested in this valley; there were no threshing machines in the country. When the harvest was over and the grain tied into bundles the threshing process was over a pole erected into the cracks between the logs in the hallway of the barn; wagon sheets were placed on the ground and the grain was threshed from the bundles as they were whipped over the pole. This grain would be carried to the barn loft and when a swift current of wind was blowing, would be poured out to the sheet below and the draft of wind would carry the chaff away and thus the wheat was cleaned. The first flour from this wheat was made at Beaty's mill at Winfield. Children in the neighborhood had never seen or eaten a biscuit until visiting in our home and they evidently enjoyed their visits for the biscuits as much as the association with us children.

DEER FEED ON WHEAT IN DAY TIME

It was no rare occurrence to see half dozen deer feeding on the green wheat in open daylight in the winter and turkeys would come in droves and pluck the green blades of wheat. When the wheat was in shocks the deer would come at night and tear the shocks down like a bunch of hogs.

The cattle we brought from Sebastian county seemed to have taken a second growth since being turned on the great native grass range. The yoke of oxen began to grow until they weighed over 1,600 pounds each, and did not know their strength; made a fine team in plowing the new land after it had been cleared. They would work single or double.

This story would be a failure unless I mentioned the ticks. Those not knowing their habits may question the truthfulness of what I shall say. The stock would create narrow paths as they would go to their feeding range after being released from the barn lot. Along these trails they would drop the full-grown tick when after their third evolution. To give a better idea of my subject a tick has three evolutions. They are a blood-sucking type of vermin. They are first a very small insect, we called them "seed ticks," they would hang in great pods along these trails on the grass blades, ready as instinct directed to catch their first ride and were irrespective of man or beast. When one of those pods of ticks would unload on you, there were plenty of scratching and picking for several days. When this "seed tick" would fill on blood, its size was more than doubled; then we called them "yearling ticks," the stage of theor second evolution. Thus filled they would again lay in wait for their prey; if the victim had no way of disposing of them, they would soon fasten themselves to be filled for the third and final evolution. When filled would be as large and almost the color of a finger nail. This was their breeding period and when the old tick released its bite, would fall to the ground dead, and the great body it had formed would gradually dry up and as the old shell, or egg bag, unfolded, a thousand "seed ticks" were hatched, and the first elovution was begun again. One way of getting rid of them when returning from the woods was to step into a wig-wam shaped cabinet fashioned out of a wagon sheet and smoke our bodies, with head through the top, from tobacco stems as they would be fired under the improvised cabinet, when the ticks would fall from the clothing or body, dead.

FOX CHASING GREAT SPORT

We had one fighting cur dog and two hounds; when the hounds wanted a chase they would start out voluntarily if the boys were too tired to go, but they would not be out long until the chase was on and the thrill was so great we boys would have to join in. If the writer ever posessed a singing voice it may be attributed to my boosting these hounds in a fox chase.

The first two years in this valley saw many changes as new families would arrive and settle and open up a new home. Allen Green came in from Orange Creek in Yell county, and homesteaded one mile east of us and opened up a small farm. There was not a church or school house in the

valley and but unfrequently a preacher would visit our home and hold religious services, preaching Saturday night and Sunday, when those knowing of his coming would come in wagons for miles with their entire families. This was Rev. Blake Wilson who lived at Blansett some ten or fifteen miles away. Other services we would go to Blackfork valley to attend as stated above.

After three years at this little farm it was sold to Wm. Bryant who lived south of Fort Smith near where he Maness store now stands. Mr. Bryant and a son-in-law by the name of John E. Spotswood who was a doctor and was looking for a location here but soon learned that it took more people and sick people for a doctor to succeed. But he was the first doctor to locate in this country and was soon known far and near and his practice was extended accordingly.

Father bought a small farm in Blackfork valley where we had better access to church and Sunday schools of which he was a leader and fervent worker. Here were a number of Sebastian county old friends and families who had moved to this valley and established homes; these with other new families the country was rapidly being populated and developing some community life and organization. John M. Martin with his family of three sons and four married daughters had moved here from Greenwood, Sebastian county, where Mr. Martin had been in the mercantile business for several years prior to the Civil war and on moving to Blackfork opened the first store known in that valley. One of his daughters married Mark Eppler, who lived ten miles east of Greenwood and lived on the farm now occupied by Squire L. L. Beech and the first schoolhouse to be built in that community was known as the Epler schoolhouse and the plot of land set apart for this schoolhouse and for the cemetery was donated by Mark Epler. Another daughter of Mr. Martins married Wm. Cole, who also came from the "State of Sebastian" and located here. Mr. Cole had two grown daughters and a son by a former marriage. His son Bud Cole became a preacher of the Gospel.

Another daughter married Mans Slover, who lived about ten miles east in the Blansett community on a farm which is still known as the old Slover farm. Another daughter married John Verdell but of him the writer can remember but very little, but he helped to make up the citizenship of the new country. Mr. Martin's oldest son was Tom. Tom married a daughter of John Self and into of the best families known in the valley. Tom Martin was the father of two sons, John M. Jr. and Wesley. John M. Martin is quite well known in Scott county, having been successful in politics there for years and has a son now living in Waldron, Tom Martin. John M. Jr. now lives at Benton, Ark., Jack and Bill Martin, the two other sons of John M. Martin Sr., grew up to manhood on Blackfork and as the other Martin family, were leaders in the development of the highest community life. Early in the 70's the Martin family moved to Parks, east of Waldron where the senior Mr. Martin opened a store and continued in business there for many years. Jack Martin became a teacher in the public schools and for many years was known as one of the leading teachers of Scott county. He married a Miss Tate, who was

also a teacher and they taught many schools together. Jack Martin died at Danville, Ark., some 20 years ago. Bill Martin, his youngest brother, died in California., many years ago.

In 1868, R. G. Richmond, wife and family, came to this valley from near Monroe, La., in 1867 having spent one year on their way here at Mt. Ida, Ark., The oldest son, Robert G. Jr. was married before the family left Louisiana, and remained in that state. The Richmond's settled land adjoining the Indian Teritory. Six sons and four daughters and all were workers with father and mother, composed this family. Soon one of the best farms in the valley was opened up andthey were all good farmers. One of the most agreeable, happiest families it has been the writers pleasure to ever know. As they grew older they began to look out for homes of their own. The Richmond boys were in the order of their ages James Richmond, married Jane Larimore, daughter of Milton Larimore; Douglas (Dug) married a Miss Sullivan; William married Rutha Texanna Claunts, sister of the writer. Obe married Victoria Day, sister to the late L. O. Day. Jerry married Bettie Gunter; Ben, the youngest son, married a Miss Beatty, but after he, with his parents, moved to Blansett.

The oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Richmond, was Sarah. She married Louis Lairmore, brother to Jim's wife. Lou married L. O. Day, who was widely known in Scott county, and who died a few years ago. Lila Richmond married Bud Gist, son of Neal Gist, who lived in the Blansett community. Mollie, the youngest daughter, first married John Allen, also of the Blansett community. She later was married to a Mr. Akins and at this writing lives at Heavener, Okla., being the only one of this large robust family now living. The Richmond family were widely known; R. G. Richmond was school director and served as Justice of the Peace for a number of years. The family were builders and home developers. They understood the art of tanning the green hides into a process of finished product. Practically all the shoes worn by these pioneer people were made from home-tanned leather. This applied to other families throughout this newly settled country.

FIRST COTTON GIN

If memory serves correctly, the first cotton gin in Blackfork valley was built and operated by John M. Martin, Sr., he also built the first wheat thresher which operated in connection with the cotton gin. This gin and thresher was operated by horse power and afforded a good public service of that day. A number of farmers were now growing wheat, the virgin soil being so rich that wheat would grow on some of the farms as high as a man's head and at times would fall down before full maturity. This wheat was hauled to Polk county to a flower mill located just below the spring where the park is now located at Mena. This mill was operated by a man by the name of Mills and was the first steam mill ever built in Polk county. At times it would take three days to make the trip from Blackfork and return. The distance being not more than 20 miles but each customer would have to wait his turn and at times half dozen or more wagon loads of wheat could be seen on the camp ground waiting their turn. The route from Blackfork was through the Eagle gap (now Eagleton). There

were no roads, just openings and these openings in many places a mass of loose rocks and never worked except the larger stones at times were rolled out by the farmers as they were making this mill trip.

For several years atfer moving from Haw Creek to Blackfork my father owned and operated a grist mill run by water power when there was sufficient water to furnish the power; which would be probably six months of the year but only certain days of the week, usually Friday and Saturday. This will would supply corn meal for the public. At times corn would be brought to this mill for many miles from other communities and even by the Indians from the Choctaw tribe, who were partially settled miles west over the border line.

FORT SMITH NEAREST MARKET

Cotton, beef hides, deer pelts, bear skins and furs; yes, and vension hams made up the principal wagon loads for the Fort Smith market. Fort Smith was about 70 miles away. It would take at least one week to make a round trip with a loaded wagon and longer if the waters were up and roads muddy. The roads were rough and the hills and mountains were steep as no work was ever done on the roads after they were blazed out. Cotton was a good price and beef hides, deer pelts, bear skins, furs and Venison hams would always find a cash market. No uncommon sight to see a piled up wagon load of hides and hams. In dressing a deer, the hunter knew how to leave the hams connected and they always sold by the pair, but the price was per pound. A wagon load of these articles would sell for more than a bale of cotton. A large bear skin would sell for as high as $15.00, if well dried and stretched and was killed in the winter when the coat of hair was heaviest. Fox hides would sell for about 50 cents but a real beauty would bring more. Coon hides would bring from 25 to 50 cents. A pair of venison hams would bring from 75 cents to $1.50. Pork hams, well cured, would always be in demand. These commodities would assist largely in cash supply and in exchange for such merchandise as the pioneers would buy. Much of the coth for the clothing was carded, spun and wove in the old fashioned loom; the winters clothing was made from wool and the cotton weaved into lighter fabrics for the summer wear. The art of coloring and the blending of colors was quite a knack with those weaving the cloth. All the stockings and socks for men and women, girls and boys were home-spun and home-knit, in fact boys and girls did not wear shoes, stockings and socks much in the summer season.

WILD HONEY

The old fashioned sorghum mill had not yet made its appearance and sugar for sweetning was out of the question. The woods were plentiful with wild bees, which had hived in hollow trees and some would produce hundreds of pounds of honey when the tree was fell and the honey saved. Only a few good finds would supply an ordinary family for months; besides, these bees were saved and put into a new hive and would become domesticated and supply sweets for the family who would care for them. There were no saw mills where suitable lumber could be secured and the men would go to the near-by woods and select a hollow tree and

cut it up into bee gums from three feet to four feet long; put a head in one end and have a number of them ready for the bee-swarming season and give each swarm a new home which in most cases was accepted.

DUCKS AND WILD PIGEONS

Early in the winter as the acorns from the heavily loaded trees were ripe and falling, the wild ducks and pigeons would come in great swarms. The swift-running mountain streams that seldom froze over in the winter, except the still water or not so swift in its flow, afforded water for the ducks and the acorns fell from the branches above produced abundant feed. The pigeons would come earlier in the season and would feed from the trees before the acorns would fall. Great droves could be seen at times which would reach clear across the valley from hill top to hill top. Their roosting places were in the deep hollows in the mountains and would swing onto the bows of the trees with such weight the limbs would not bear them. To see their roosting refuge, one would think the trees had been laden with sleet and ice from their broken and split condition. I failed to finish my honey story above: We read in the Bible of bottles being made of skin, they were used for wine and other liquid substances, for banquets for carrying to market and for storage. We read where large cow hides were made into large bottles for storage. So it was in Blackfork valley, bottles were made of deer skins. In preparing these bottles one would remove the flesh and bones from within the skin by an opening through the neck without spliting the skin lengthwise of the body as is usual in removing the hide.

All the openings were tightly sewed up and closed when the skin was well dressed and tanned; the neck only left as a bottle neck to be opened and closed as need be. These large deer bottles would hold from 25 to 50 pounds of honey and was used to carry the honey on horse back to market. The writer was in T. G. Bate's store at Waldron when a boy, and saw one of ourneighbors bring a big bottle of honey and offer it for sale to Mr. Bates and the purchase was made in exchange of merchandise for the honey. Mr. Bates made the remark that he had a few customers away out in the far-away mountains and valleys who would bring honey to his store several times during the year in those large deer bottles. This man was George Lane, who lived in the Blackfork valley some 60 or more years ago. Mr. Lane was among the earliest settlers in this valley and the writer remembers that his hobby was bee hunting and storing the wild honey for domestic use and for the market.

OTHER OLD TIMERS

One of the early residents was a widow Ruddle, who was a sister to John M. Martin Sr. Her family consists of three daughters and three sons. John, the oldest son, lived in Tennessee. From whence the Martin family migrated to Arkansas before the war between the states, and located in Blackfork valley just after the close of the war. Mrs. Ruddle's other sons were Tom and Jim. I have forgotten the name of the oldest daughter, but she married Wm. Scroggins, who was well known in the

valley, especially with the woodsmen and hunters, he was a great lover of the sport; kept a good pack ofdogs and was an expert shot with a gun. I recall one night when out fox hunting with some neighbor boys. The dogs scented something and soon was in a sighted race. The chase did not go far until their game took a tree. The night hunter always provided some long pieces of rich pine so a torch could be lighted if needed. The torch was lighted and when the light reflected up into the tree, a huge panther was sighted crouched on a big limb. Mr. Scroggins had his trusty rifle with him and one of the boys held the torch behind him and a dead shot was fired, bringingthe big panther down. The dogs closed in for a fight and notwithstanding the dead shot, some of the dogs suffered several wounds.

The big panther was propped up in a sitting position and was soon cold and stiff as it was a very cold night; in this position he was carried to the home of Mr. Scroggins and kept there as a show for several days in this sitting position. Mary Ruddle married Haywood Purnell who lived several miles west in the I. T. Their married life was not agreeable and they seperated and she later married Jack Wils. Tom Ruddle married Miley Trulove and went to the I. T. Jim was the younger son and Annie was the baby girl. Mrs. Ruddle died in the 1870's. An other old timer here was a Mr. Pinnell, whose first name I cannot recall. He was known as "Pinnion" but his correct name was Pinnell. He had one son, Peter Pinnell, who left this valley early in life and located in Sebastian county where he was one of the most successful farmers and one of the leading citizens of the country. He was the father of the late Dr. General Pinnell, who died in 1937 in Miami, Okla. Other sons were Charles Pinnell, who married Emma Richmond, niece of the writer, who died in California in 1936 and where her husband, Charles and son M. C. and daughter, Billy, now live. Another son of Peter Pinnell was Otho, and there were two or three daughters, I think one is a Mrs. Pike, another a Mrs. Hughes, and there may have been one other daughter and one other son. Peter Pinnell lived with his family on a farm four miles south of Waldron several years and moved to Waldron and died there.

HULSEY FAMILY

Buford Hulsey and wife were early settlers here; they had two sons and two daughters. Mr. Hulsey was a great church worker and he and my father often attended revival meetings in adjoining communities in the summer during the revival meeting's season and assisted in the services. Their oldest son was James C. Hulsey, became a doctor and was one of the first of his profession in the valley; his practice soon became extensive as there was much sickness such as chills and fever. He, with his family, lived in the extreme east end of the valley except one family. An everlasting spring of sulphur water was near their home up on the mountain which was known as Hulsey's Sulphur Spring and many would go there and haul the water away as a health drink. This place now is known as the Fred Burger farm.

His brother Will, was a farmer and not so well known in public life. One of his sisters married Will Horton and the other sister married John Buttler. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hulsey were the parents of several children two of whom became quite well known. Their oldest son was John W. Hulsey, who became one of the most widely known Baptist ministers in Arkansas. For several years he has been located at Mt. Ida, in Montgomery county. Rev. John Hulsey is the father-in-law of Rev. Otto Whittington of Little Rock, who is also widely known throughout the state as one of the Baptist's most able preachers. He built, and for years, was pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches in Little Rock. Rev. Whittington is also a product of Scott county, being reared on a farm near Waldron. Dr. Hulsey had one son who became a very prominent lawyer of McAllister, Okla. His first name I have forgotten, but think it was Joe.

CHILLS AND FEVER

The principal maladies in the way of sickness was chills and fever and it has been my deepest impression that if the sanitary conditions about the home and in the manner of living had have been guarded as they are today, the death rate and the serious cases of sickness would have been averted. The ticks alone as they preyed upon the body, especially of children, was no doubt one of the greatest causes of fever, and if science had have reached the stage of today remedies would have been discovered and put to use which would have rendered protection and relief. House flies was another great menace to health. No screens had ever been known and flies were there ready to light on and feed from the table as soon as it was spread and their deposits evidently created much sickness in these poorly cared for homes. Otherwise there is no local reason for chills and fever, as the water is good with pure mountain air.

SOME GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS

The churches had no pastors in these days. They were "Circuit Riders," and "Local Preachers." Early in the 70's the community came together and selected a building site for a community church and school house. This valley is about ten miles long, I mean east of the Indian Territory line. It had filled up with a class of people from every where but most were public spirited good citizens. The strife of the civil war was being forgotten and the minds of the people were turned to the development of the agriculture, moral, educational and religious life. Hence a place was selected as a community center and a new church and school house was built. Labor and material was freely furnished. The dimention timber was all hewn out with broad axes, the finished lumber was hauled from Mills' mill from where Mena now stands. The building was a box house and the lumber was all rough, even the door shutters were of rough lumber. Not a glass window in the house nor an opening on either side but openings at each end. This was on a stony hill about two miles east of the John M. Martin home. It was voted to name this church "Stony Point" and the natural surroundings there could have been no better name. This was a Union church but the Methodist organized and maintained a church at this place for several years. Great revival meetings were held here and people for

ten and 15 miles around would attend, always being entertained in community homes. Rev. Asberry Taff of near Waldron would make monthly trips here and was greatly admired as a preacher and circuit rider. Other preachers who were on this charge as I remember were Rev. Flood, Rev. Martin, Rev. Keener, and Rev. Hays (known as Jim Hays the "one-armed preacher"). Wm. Smith who lived at Jenny Lind, Sebastian county, made several trips here and held or assisted in revival meetings. Another young preacher called to mind was Rev. Geo. Pledger, who was in several meetings here and was finally assigned tothis circuit in 1875. The annual conference of 1876 was held at Harrison, Ark., in the fall of that year and Rev. Pledger had been returned to this circuit. On his way back with two other preachers, stopped to have ahorse shod at some point in Pope county, north of Clarksville. All three of the preachers having good looking horses were fired upon by a mountain moonshiner who took them to be U. S. marshalls. Rev. Pledger was killed and both the other preachers were wounded. This desperado's name was Hughes who was run down by officers later and killed, but not until he was charged with the death of three other men. Hughes was killed in May, 1877.

There were two local preachers should not be over looked, Wm. Baxter and James Sullivan. Baxter was a sweet singer and was born as an exhorter and not as a preacher. An exhorter would follow the regular preacher and if there had been any revival smoke stired up, the exhorter was supposed to kindle and start the fire and this fellow Baxter could strike the match and put things in motion. James Sullivan was just a mere young man then but had took part in the local revivals; he too was a great singer and in fact this was the power of his sevival effort. If this man could have been placed under a master and his voice trained, America would have known of him but he was secluded and like a "Rose born to blush unseen" his worth as a singer was never known outside of his community and then was not appreciated because of knowing the value of his voice.

This is the most sacred page I have written because of memories of the 60 and more years ago that come vividly to mind; of preachers whom I heard and who were welcome guests in our home, and the boys and girls I knew and with whom we played and walked to church together. And not only the children but the Christian men and women whom I have heard sing, pray and about during these happy olddays. Very few are living whose names I mention but their memory comes anew to me. I pray that the reader may pardon the lines below but I dedicate them to the sacred spot where this old country church stood when I used to attend the glorious meetings held there.

THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH

These words may be sung to the tune of "When You And I Were Young Maggie" Key of F.

I wondered today to that sacred retreat,
Where the old country church used to stand;
Where the aged and the youthful together would meet,
In worship and service so grand.
The old fashioned gospel was preached with power,
The Christians would join in "Amens"
When the spirit of God would encompass the hours;
As the Pentecostal power would descend.

CHORUS

But many of those old fashioned Christians are gone,
On earth we shall hear their songs no more;
They have passed with the ransomed to glory beyond,
Where their singing and shouts will ne'er be o'er.

Many scenes of those years there I often recall,
When I go back to view them o'er again;
It was there I found Jesus my all in all,
Anw sweet memory is abiding with in.
By the hill where this old country church once stood,
Seemed to flow salvations cleansing wave;
It was there many souls were made happy in God,
When accepting His mercy to save.

In the valley below, is a city serene,
Where dear friends of my youth have been layed,
As I strolled through the walks and the alleys between.
I found names of those with whom I had played.
But that same Blessed Hand is still leading me,
As it did when He lifted my soul;
From bondage of sin when He set me free,
At the old country church long ago.

The James Sullivan refered to above married a Miss Self, she was a sister to John M. Martin Jr's. mother.

L. O. DAY

In the extreme east end of this valley lived a widow and her three children; two sons and one daughter. She was Mrs. Vandever, and was the mother of Lawrence, Jimmie and Victoria Day, children by a former husband who died in South Carolina, where the children were born. She later married a Mr. Vandever, who also had passed away. She with her children came to Arkansas and located in the valley in 1868. Mrs. Vandever was far above the average type of woman living in this valley as was evidenced by the cleanliness of her children as well as her self when seen in public. Her youngest son Jimmie, died when about 16 years of age but not until he had made many friends among his associates—a boyhood friend of the writer. This family notwithstanding their small farm with thin soil and an up-land mountainous homestead it produced abundantly of corn, cotton, wheat and oats. The grass for cattle and the acorns for hogs, it was no great task to have growing cattle and hogs; their greatest combat was to protect them from the wolves, bears and panthers. These boys grew and worked and their mother managed and with her daughter carded, spun and wove cloth for all their clothing; and they were among the best dressed, cleanest looking families when seen in the public.

The fundamental for which was inbred intelligence which begets pride. Lawrence (L. O.) and Victora grew to be grown; Victoria was the oldest. She married Obe Richmond, son of R. G. Richmond and thus connecting two of the best families. Later L. O. Day, married Lou Richmond, sister to Obe Richmond, thus adding another link to the chain of these family ties. Obe Richmond later moved to Blansett where he continued his home until his death several years ago, being the last one of the Richmond boys to pass away. His widow with several children including Rev. Frank Richmond a Baptist minister are still living at Blansett and Scott county at this writing.

L. O. Day continued his home on Blackfork and later became widely known. By his first marriage there were a number of children. His daughters grew up to be beautiful, lovable women. Their mother died and their father married again. The writer lost connection with his family, having moved from the valley many years before. By Mr. Day's second marriage there were several children, and one of his sons, Diaz Day, is now living in Waldron, and his wife is a member of the school faculty. L. O. Day died at Heavener, Okla., a few years ago. He was 78 years old when he died; was born in South Carolina. He was no doubt the most distinguished citizen in his part of the country. At one time he owned more than 1,000 acres of land here, operated a cotton gin and one of the largest country stores in Scott county. Besides having an extensive cattle ranch in the Indian Territory near McAlister. He was a Mason and was buried by the Blackfork and Heavener lodges. The religious services being conducted by Rev. Joe Muse and Rev. W. H. Sims. His body was buried in the Richmond cemetery on Blackfork by the side of his first wife. The funeral being one of the largest ever held in that valley.

PETER WHISENHUNT

There was a Blacksmith at Blansett by the name of Peter Whisenhunt who was widely known as one of the best citizens. After he had reared a family by his first marriage his wife died and later he married L. O. Day's mother, Mrs. Vandever. Eugene Whisenhunt of Blackfork is their son, there may have been that other children were born to this union, but not to the writers knowledge.

EARLY SCHOOLS

One of the early teachers in Blackfork valley was Prof. Nevills, to whom the writer attended school when a small boy. This was about 1873, not sure about the year. It was taught in a little log house which stood just north of the valley road about one mile west of the John M. Martin Sr. home and on the north side of Blackfork creek. It was made up of all ages and sizes none being larger than the teacher who weighed about 200. It was a winter term beginning in September and continuing until the following March. Many children, ten or 12 years of age learned their alphabet at this school and the grown-ups all studied the old McGuffy's, a blue-backed speller and the readers from No. 1 to No. 4, and Ray's arithmetic. At intervals during the day he would have the whole school lay their books aside and sing a little sing-song ditty beginning with words of two letters and continuing to words of three letters, for example: Except that I cannot give the tune—"Ba Be bi-biby-bi bo-biby-bi-bo-bu biby-bi-bo. (one would have to hear it to appreciate it). Another sing-song was the states and their capitals. Beginning at Wisconsin, following with the capital repeating each or sing each twice; taking in all the states and capitals. This was not so silly as the "Ba's for we learned these states and their capitals and the writer can yet repeat them in this sing-song way. Special:—(If any of the Waldron readers want this story verified and a sample of the singing, just make an appointment with Judge W. A. Bates and advertise it and you will have an audience and be well entertained, for he attended school to this same teacher, at the Vise schoolhouse on Jones Creek). The teacher boarded at the R. G. Richmond home and from this home two boys and three girls attended: Jerry, Ben, Lou (who later became Mrs. L. O. Day), Lila who later became Mrs. Bud Gist), and Mollie, who first became Mrs. John Allen and later Mrs. Aikin, the only surviving member of the Richmond family, at this writing. In this school there were bad boys and pranks as is found in modern schools of today. There was one boy in the school who was from a family where the father had died; the widow, in providing pants for the boy, made a pair shorter but no smaller from a pair of father's trousers and they were supported by a string over one shoulder. This bad boy would be just behind him when he stood up for his spelling lesson as it was called. It was a warm day and the boy had on no coat; when crossed his legs the string slackened and the bad boy from behind with a sharp knife clipped the string and the show started, with trousers falling to the floor and the boy in his excited effort to pull them up, hobbled himself and fell, all the time making for the door. When he went out at the door he had only one

foot in the trousers and was supporting them in his hand. The teacher, like the pupils, could not hold himself and announced: "recess for dinner."

It was next day before this boy showed up at school and he never did know the string was cut, but thought it broke.

THE FIRST FREE SCHOOL

The first public free school was taught by Dr. John E. Spotswood, whose name was mentioned in the beginning of my story. He moved from Haw Creek valley to Blackfork and was the only person in the valley at that time who could qualify as a teacher in the public free schools. This school was taught in the new "Stoney Point" schoolhouse and was attended by children and youngsters from all over the valley and was the first real school to be taught here.

WALDRON, THE NEAREST POSTOFFICE

It was 25 miles to Waldron, the nearest postoffice, and the community would contract with someone to go for the mail once each month. Our home was selected as the distributing point. A Mr. Thomas was the carrier for some time, taking two days to make the round-trip, horse-back. When mail was not called for at the home, it would be taken to church on Sunday where it would be handed to those present, who should have any mail. No newspapers were taken and the only reading matter was books. Many learned more of the Bible for this reason, as the mind must be employed and the Bible was good reading.

JOHN M. MARTIN SR. LEAVES THE VALLEY

About 1874, Mr. Martin and his family sold their farm here to Wm. Yandels and moved to Parks, in the Fourche valley, east of Waldron. Mr. Yandels only lived here one or two years and exchanged farms, near Waldron, with Dr. J. W. Walker. Mr. Yandels had two boys: Will and Rance, and a grandson: Bill Middleton. We boys were soon acquainted and had good times together. Rance Yandels became a preacher when grown to manhood. Carrol Beason, I remember, was son-in-law of Mr. Yandels and after leaving Blackfork, operated a Barber shop in Waldron.

J. H. BROWN

J. H. Brown moved to this valley from Fort Smith in the early 70's. It may have been as early as 1870. He had three daughters, Gertrude, Dora and Lucy. The two older daughters had been educated in the best schools at Fort Smith and both were qualified for teaching in the public free schools and were employed the year 'round, in other parts of the country during the school terms where larger schools could be assembled and where the highest priced teachers were employed. So I modify my above remark about Dr. Spotswood being the only qualified person in the valley to teach in the public free schools; for Blackfork could not pay the price that other communities offered. Judge Brown as we learned to call him, was one of the leading public men; was school director and Justice of the Peace. Just such a man as this community needed and was consulted on affairs pretaining to the development and up-building of the best public life of the community. Each of his daughters taught short

terms of subscription schools here and it was the writers good fortune to attend those schools.

Judge Brown was elected County Judge in 1879 and later moved to Waldron. He served as County Judge four years. Judge and Mrs. Brown were the parents of Mrs. R. F. Payne at Waldron. Mr. Payne is widely known in Scott county, having been elected as Tax Assessor in 1902, served four years and was elected sheriff in 1910 and served four years in this office.

Judge Brown died in March, 1889, at the age of 77 years.

About 1876, during Judge Brown's residence on Blackfork, there came through the valley a cattle buyer with a herd of cattle, driving to the Indian Territory for a ranch; to which place he would assemble the cattle after buying them in Arkansas. Among the cowboys with him a young colored fellow, they called him "Henry," was riding a very fine mare and was well dressed. They stopped over night at the home of Judge Brown. Henry took a liking to Judge Brown and his estimable family and this liking was mutual; and Henry offered to make his home with them as a farm hand and a general handy boy about the place. So he was hired. He was a high-headed negro and was proud of his new home, but did not take well with the general public. No one knew where he was from, as he claimed to be from Louisiana. The beautiful mare he brought with him and the nice "store" clothes he was wearing made him feel important because he was better dressed than the best dressed young white boys; besides he owned a good pistol which was common property for young men at that time. He served Judge Brown's family well for more than a year when someone from Polk county was passing through the valley and recognized the mare as being stolen property of Bud Bank's, who run a store at that time near where Vandervoort now stands. At the time the mare was stolen, the store was robbed of cash, clothing and a pistol. When this traveler returned to Polk county, Mr. Banks was notified of his find in Scott county and the mare and pistol was recovered but the negro was left alone. Later two men came back with a warrant for his arrest; he was found plowing, quite aways from the house and no one else was in the field; the family and the whole neighborhood were assembled for the 4th of July celebration in the neighborhood. It was supposed he tried to run when he was approached by the men who came for his arrest and was shot down. When the family returned from the picnic, the team was found tangled up with the plow but Henry was missing. On investigating, his body was found where it fell when riddled with bullets. No legal steps were taken to learn who his slayers were.

THE WALKER FAMILY

Dr. J. W. Walker bought Mr. Yandels' place or rather exchanged a farm near Waldron for it and became the owner of the former John M. Martin farm which was centrally located in the valley. Dr. Walker, while qualified, did not do a general practice but was a public spirited man and he and his estimable family were a welcomed group to the valley. He and his noble wife were the parents of ten children, all living when they came

to Blackfork; two daughters were married, one to James Eldridge, who bought the Tom Martin farm, another daughter married Jeff Kinsie and he bought the John Trulove place nearby. There were three younger daughters, Miss Lula was a beautiful young lady, the girls were small children. There were five sons: John, who was a yong man; Ed (Bud), Willie, Bob and Joe were the younger boys. The younger boys and the writer soon became friends and we enjoyed many happy hours together hunting, fishing and swimming. There was a young man who came from Fort Smith and had been making his home with Judge and Mrs. Brown by the name of Allen E. Wiley, who was elected and served as constable for several years. He and John Walker and Dr. Walker bought a boiler and grist mill from a Mr. McDougle near Blansett and moved it to Blackfork, which was the first steam mill, cotton gin and wheat thresher to be built here. Later they added the first saw rig and cut the first lumber the valley ever had except as it would be hauled from Mills' mill at Mena, but long before Mena was ever thought of. This added very materially to the development and to the convenience of the community. Besides Dr. Walker's family, he brought with him four colered women who were quite a show to children who had never seen a negro. A mother Delfenie and three daughters: Lucy, the oldest, being afflicted with a ricket shoulder and was the cook for the family; Ellen and Ollie, the youngest girls, worked on the farm same as the men. The old mammy would help in cotton chopping seasons. She became acquainted with my mother and liked her, and on a visit, gave some of her life's experience. She and her children were born in slavery and were the property of Mrs. Walker's parents and were given to Mrs. Walker when she married Dr. Walker. She said her husband went south to help with a bunch of mules and never did return and was represented to her as being dead, but she always thought he had been sold with the mules, as he was a valuable slave. In speaking of her children, she said to mother, "Now Missus, I likes you and jest wanted someone to tell of the troubles I have had. I didn't know the niggers was free til long time after de wa', do Missus Walker is mity good to me, but I have had to work mity hard and my gals work jest like men. I hose cotton old as I am. You nose Lucy and Ollie is black as me; but Ellen you nose is yeller malater, but no use you axin me any mo' about her, fer I answers no questions about her jes becase she's not black like my other two gals."

John Walker married Miss Gertrude Brown and established a home near the Judge Brown home, just west and north of the valley public road. His first bride lived only a short while; and in course of time John Walker and Miss Dora Brown were married; she being the sister of his first wife. Some years later they moved to Winfield and established a home where John Walker lost his life in an altercation with one of the Crutchfields. His widow later married a Mr. Payne, who lived a short distance northeast of Waldron.

BLACKFORK POSTOFFICE

Blackfork postoffice was established Aug. 31, 1877, and Dr. J. W.

Walker was the first post master. Judge Brown and my father assisted materially in the establishing this office and having the mail come each Friday, was an onward evolution in this pioneer community. Newspapers were then subscribed for and homes were provided with more reading matter. Bud Terry, who lived at Waldron, brought the first sack of mail to this office and later Marion Tate made trips here with the mail. The route started out from Waldron, the mail being carried on horse-back. The first stop was at Winfield, thence to Blansett. Blansett postoffice was established July 23, 1877, the first postmaster was Joshua Smith. The route continued to Blackfork, which point the carrier arrived in the afternoon and spent the night in the home of Dr. Walker, where the office was kept. On his return, the route extended by Brawley, on Jones Creek. This office was established July 24, 1877, and Mrs. Sarah A. Bise, according to record, was the first postmaster; but the writer has wondered if that name should not have been "Vise" instead of "Bise" as a noted citizen, C. M. Vise lived at that time in the vicinity of Brawley.

Some years later Dr. Walker's family left this valley and moved to the Indian Territory and located some 20 miles west of Stigler, now Oklahoma. The only members of the family now living are the two youngest daughters and the two youngest sons; Bob and Joe P. Walker. Joe is now operating a drug store at Ada, Okla.

A Mr. Mills with his family who once lived where Mena, Ark., now stands and whose home was in the log cabin now standing in the Park at Mena, operated the first steam flour mill and saw mill in Polk county. He moved to this valley about one year before the Walker family moved to the Indian Territory, and Will Walker married one of Mr. Mills' daughters. The writer had left the valley at that time but it is my impression that Mr. Mills served Scott county as County Judge while he lived there.

SOME REVIEWS

In reviewing the early conditions which I have failed to mention, may it be said of this citizenship that there were very few neighborhood brawls and peace disturbances, very little drunkedness. House raisings and log rollings would often bring the men together in a very neighborly way when assistance was needed in heavy work that one family was not prepared to do. The houses were built of logs, most of the logs were hewn and squared on the ground before the neighbor men would be called in to assist in erecting the main walls of the building. One man, handy with the ax, would be assigned to each corner and notch the logs down while those on the ground would skid them up as the walls progressed. These gatherings were greatly enpoyed as it served an opportunity of a get-to-gether meeting to show their neighborly friendship. This means of gathering went from house to house as the occasions demanded. And did not only apply to house raisings but in the log rollings, as they were called, where new land had been cleared and the logs were to be put in heaps to be burned. These gatherings were frequent, as much new land was being opened up when the new home was established. At times after one of these gatherings, the family giving the house raising or the log rollings

would give a party at night for the young people which was greatly enjoyed. Sometimes they would make candy from sorghum molasses and have an old-fashion candy pulling; one of the sweetest occasions of the neighborhood.

On some of those occasions they would give a dance for the young people and in which some of the younger married set would take part. The old square dance was then all the go. Most of the floors were made of hewn puncheons, and while they were most generally pretty well matched and with smooth surface, it was rough dancing. The orchestra usually consisted of one skilled with the old time fiddle and its "rag-time" tunes who occupied a position in one corner of the log cabin. Some young fellow would call the set and dance was on. At one section of the set he would call out: "break hads and balance all," "everybody to their puncheon"—"dance" (when those who could dance, or thought they could, would select a smooth puncheon and show their stuff). Not all the homes would tolerate dancing as it was forbidden of most of the churches for its members to dance and the most of them lived up to their church obligations.

The Sun, The Almanac And The Early Morning Crow Of The Rooster The Only Time Piece.

In the early days of this settlement not a clock nor a watch was known in any of the homes. The sun, almanac and the early morning crow of the rooster were the only means of knowing the time of the day. The roosters would begin crowing about 4 o'clock in the morning which was the getting-up time for the industrious farmer or the huntsman who wanted an early start for the day. This rooster would never be far wrong on the correct time and always served as the awaking alarm. Father was a genius and by his original idea established a sun mark which showed when it was noon-mid-day. He watched the alamac and on the longest day of the year, when the morning sun cast its shadow on our front porch, he marked this shadow on the floor; then with his carpenters square on this shadow, with the short end of the square pointing north, he scribed another mark; the post being the turning point. This mark, north and south would show the mid-day when the shadow from the sun lined with the mark on the door. Then two stakes were set up in the yard in line with this noon shadow and was later proven to be correct when verified by Maj. Huff with his surveyors compass.

During these early 70's my father was Justice of the Peace and his acquaintences brought some of the young Choctaws to his office to be married. Usually there would be half dozen in the party but the bride-to-be could always be picked out from the others of the party by the way she was dressed. A bright red shawl would usually mark the difference in costume. The bride's father would be in front, next to him would be the bride, then the groom and friends or relatives would follow in the rear. They never rode side-by-side; the reason being that in the section of the Territory where they lived, no wagon roads had ever been opened and trails were the only mark of a road. Their ponies which they rode knew no other way than in single file; one behind the other. The women would ride

astride and would seldom have a saddle on her mount but a blanket with a girth. The men sometimes would have a saddle but most always a blanket or bear skin or sheep skin fastened with a girth.

COUPLE MARRIED WHO HAD GROWN CHILDREN

There was an elderly couple who had lived in the Indian Territory for many years, moved to Haw Creek valley and the elderly man attended some revival meetings and decided a change in the manner of living; in fact he wanted to preach. He had attended numerous revival meetings in which father was taking part and they became friends. One day he hailed father at our front gate and told him there would be a secret wedding at his house a certain day and he was wanted as the official to solemnize the act. On said morning father put on his best togs: new homemade Jeans suit, and went to perform the nuptial; supposing one of the preacher's daughters were to be married. When he arrived at their home both the old man and lady were out in the field working. They laid their work aside and came to the house and told him it was to be a secret wedding, that he and the lady had lived together as man and wife after the order of the Indians while among them, until they had recently moved to the state and the laws here were different and he and Rachel had both joined the Baptist church and he wanted to preach and to clear things up, they wished to be married after the order of the state and father performed the solumn rites. Their son who was to be married and was the father of several children nor neither of the two single daughters were present. Father was the only witness.

A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION ON POTEAU RIVER

My father was wounded during the Civil war and the jolt of a wagon over the rough roads irritated his wound and after the writer had made many trips with him with cotton and other products to Fort Smith he was willing to trust me on such trips. It was just before Christmas when about a dozen neighbors made up a caravan and loaded out for Fort Smith with cotton, hides, deer pelts, furs and bear hides. It was a rainy week and slow progress was made over the muddy roads and swollen streams. On our return it was still raining and we left the main Blackfork road at about where Heavener, Okla., now stands and drove up Poteau, to find a shallow fording, as a bridge had never been thought of at that early date. We struck camp on the north bank of Poteau about five miles west of where Cauthron now stands. We laid up all one day but the water was still too high for fording and the next day was Christmas. If any of the crowd had started from Fort Smith with whiskey it had been exhausted and a "Jackpot" was made up for some Christmas whiskey. They offered me $1.00 to ride one of our horses up to Cauthron or to Dr. Wood's saloon and get a supply of whiskey, and offered Negro "Henry" 50 cents to go with me to assist. The negro rode our other horse and the wet goods were delivered within a few hours. My recollection is that the order was for two or three quarts. If I had ever seen a drunk man before this I did not remember it. While at the saloon the negro had money of his own and bought a flask for his own use which was to his sorrow. Not long

after the men opened up their drinking until old men begun to wrestle and scuffle and finally it turned into a fist fight and there were some black eyes. In the meantime negro Henry got gay and abusive and wanted to fight and the old men doubled on him and soon had him subdued, but not uptil he was bleeding and pretty well beaten up. Finally the whiskey gave out and the all went to their camp beds for the night after some of them had supper prepared around the camp-fire and others were sleepy and fell on their pallets without supper. The next morning they were a shameful looking bunch of neighbors and church members, except Henry who had gotten the worst of it; who was sulky but afraid to complain.

We crossed Poteau river and made it home the day after the celebration, by the way of Jones Creek and Haw Creek. The news soon got out that brother so, and so, (as the church members called each other "brother") had been drunk and had a fight. They were afraid the matter would go before the grand jury at Waldron circuit court and they would not only experience shameful publicity, but it may cost some of them fines and the expense of a trip to attend court. The good brothers got together with the other guilty celebrates and sent a delegate to confer with my father who was a J. P., pleading that he allow them to appear before him and plead guilty of disturbing the peace. Father was anxious to help them out and so the day was set and they selected one of their party to represent them, who entered a plea of guilty and each was assessed a fine of $1.00, with no cost. The constable was one of the party and in fact he made the plea for the whole bunch. I remember my mother was very much interested in this case as her trusted boy was mixed up with it, but after she heard some of the evidence which showed her boy did not take a drink, she became reconciled except she asked me to promise her that I would never drink whiskey, pointing out the shame and disgrace it had brought to those good neighbors of ours. The promise was made and has been lived up to to this day.

Our home was a frequent stopping place for the county officers and those seeking office. Maj. C. L. Hough, of Parks, for many years county surveyor and Judge Payne, who lived a few miles east of Waldron, served as county judge for several years; Buck Gaines who was sheriff; Ike Bagwell, Wm. Turman were some of the noted men who were in our home and friends of our father.

Maj. Hough had four sons: Joe, Will, Jack and Calvin. Joe has been dead many years but has a son who is now sheriff at Ida Bell, Okla. Will is still living. He made a school teacher and has taught more terms of school and for a greater period of years than most any man Arkansas has ever produced. Jack Hough became a lawyer and for many years was law partner with the late A. G. Leming. He and Mr. Leming both marked their time and passed on. Calvin Hough the writer never knew but is reported as living in Oklahoma. Maj. Hough's daughter married T. W. (Tom) Stone, who was widely known and lived in Waldron many years.

Louis Nobles was one of the early settlers of Blackfork valley and was known as one of its best citizens. He lived on the south side of the creek about one mile west of the John M. Martin home. He had three

sons: John W., Wiley and Riley; the two latter boys were twins and were very much alike. Their mother had died and their father married again; two children being born to this marriage, a girl and a boy, Tennie and George. Mr. Nobles died when these children were small, leaving the older boys with a step-mother. John, the oldest son, was grown and left home and located in Sarber county, (now Logan) about Magazine, on the Eli Hooper farm. He came back to visit his twin brother and kidnaped them and took them away with him. The matter caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood but when it was known the boys' older brother had taken them away, the incident was soon forgotten. J. W. Nobles became a Baptist minister and was widely and favorably known, having served churches in Logan, Scott and Sebastian counties and at this writing lives in Fort Smith but has retired from the ministry. One of his twin brothers, Riley, returned to Blackfork after he was a grown man and married his step sister, Mary Jones who was the daughter of his step mother. His step mother later married Spencer Self who was an uncle of John M. Martin Jr. his mother being Spencer Self's sister. Wiley Nobles married a Miss Newman who lived near Magazine, Ark. Wiley died with cancer on the back of his neck, resulting from a severe burn inflicted by his twin brother when they were small boys not knowing the danger of carelessly playing with fire, which left an ugly scar and served as a mark of identification between the twins. Wiley left three sons who are still living LaFayette, Alonzo and Bird Nobles, the latter being a Baptist minister and is now serving churches in Sebastian couty.

Dr. J. C. Hulsey later became the owner of the Nobles farm on Blackfork where Rev. John W. Hulsey, noted Baptist preacher grew up to manhood, or at least lived there several years and where he and the writer became boyhood friends, as our old home was about a half a mile north and across Blackfork creek from the Dr. Hulsey home.

THE OLD DINNER HORN

A boy that was reared on a farm and has never heard a dinner horn blow, has missed a great thrill in his life. The writer still has the old horn that our mother used to blow at the noon hour when dinner was ready. When my thoughts are carried back to 70 years ago the spirit of true reminiscence is revived within and I must dedicate a few lines to the old dinner horn:

Back with memory's thoughts I wander,
As I ponder o'er this page;
Coursing many years that slumber,
'Neath the passing had of age;
But among the fond reflections,
. . Back in childhoods early morn,
Come one cherished recolection,
'Tis the tooting dinner horn.

As our thoughts chase back to childhood,
To the farm home 'neath the hill;
Then our rambles in the wildwoods,
Are recalled to memory still;
Where we play upon the mountain,
'Mong the pine trees growing tall;
Where oft we tarried by a fountain,
'Till the dinner horn would call.

When the sun was beaming hotly,
O'er the long rowed cotton field;
And our tender face was motley,
With the heat old ether yield'd;
Faint and hungry, hot and weary,
Chopping cotton with a hoe;
But at once we all grow merry,
When the dinner horn would blow.

Is it strange that I should love you,
As I did in years gone by?
Is it strange that I can hear you,
When I look with listening eye?
No: the answer, as the echo
Is still sounding in my ear;
In my dreams I often hear you,
And will love you more each year.

The spot where a boy lives during his growing up IS HOME to him, be it ever so humble, as was the log cabin where I spent the years of my sojourn in Blackfork valley. As will be again refered to when visiting this old home after being away for many years.

McALLEN, TEXAS, FEB. 8th, 1938.

I beg our readers to allow a little diversion from my Scott county story, as today is our 53rd wedding anniversary. Wife and I were married at Auburn, Sebastian county, Feb. 8, 1885, by Rev. Jacob Harris. The bride was Miss Julia Steele. It was a cold February day and a heavy snow fell the following day with zero weather. We moved to our selves on a little farm five miles east of Burnville, and set up our scantly home supplies in a log cabin. Among these supplies was an old-fashioned weight clock which the writer had exchanged a surplus watch for with Marion and Henry Tate at Greenwood, who were operating a drug store and handled a line of clocks and watches. This clock is still ticking away by my side as I am typing these lines and has been in constant service all those 53 years. We also have a rolling pin which I made from an ash sapling and fastened with a handle on one end ad left square o the other for a pestle in preparing creamed potatoes and other uses about the pantry. I learned to shun this kitchen utensil of domestic war fare early in the game and it is serving today in rolling out pastry for a strawberry short-cake.

It is spring time here in this Rio Grande valley so different to the 53 years ago at Auburn, Ark. Our yard is full of blooming flowers and the perfume of the blooming orange and grapefruit trees is pervading the air; and may I attempt to write a little ditty?

WHEN IT'S SPRING TIME IN THE VALLEY

When fragrant roses nod to you,
Laden with the sparkling dew,
The orange and the grapefruit trees,
Attract a million honey bees,
With nectar sweet in every bloom;
The air is full of rich perfume,
It is spring time in the valley.

When school boys are not in the hall,
Are tardy when their name is called;
Exam day his grade is low,
The reason his dad would like to know;
His restless mind is not on school,
But baseball, fish hooks and swimming pool;
It is spring time in the valley.

When lad and lass on way from school,
Fuss and nag as a general rule;
At their parting behind their guild
You see the twitter of a smile;
They chase each other for a tag,
"I got yours each will brag;"
It is spring time in the valley.

When song birds tune their sweetest lay,
From early breaking of the day;
The red winged dove charms his mate,
With plaintive coo from morn till late;
The Jackdaw struts his grandest stuff,
All is evidence enough;
It is spring time in the valley.

When queenly maidens you may meet,
In their home or on the street;
With radiant blushes on each cheek,
And stories of romance she will seek;
Her voice you hear in a lovers song,
Then my guess may not be wrong;
It is Spring time in the valley.

When "Flapper Fanny" steps out in pajamas,
From a lipstick shade to a green banana;
A pan cake dome the newest creation,
And high heeled sandals the latest sensation;
This you know I merely mention,
Again to bring to your attention;
It is Spring time in the valley.

BACK TO MY ORIGINAL "PUNCHEON"

Late in the 1870's there was a distinguished German fellow with his family settled on a homestead between Blackfork and Blansett. His name was Charley Hauert. He and his family were workers and soon a nice farm was opened up and a fomfortable home constructed. His industry was contagious as others caught his spirit of progressive farming. He and his wife reared a large family here and were well known. Walter Hauert, one of their sons, now lives in Fort Smith and owns a fine farm across the river in Oklahoma. He and a brother were for many years conected with the Burnett-Hauert Lumber company at Clayton, Okla. About the time Charley Hauert settled his homestead, there moved to Blackfork valley a Dr. Smith who located in the upper end of the valley and opened a store. He became widely known as his store at that time was about the only store in the valley. There was a feature, however, about his business that was not welcomed by the old timers, as he run a saloon in connection with his store and the exalted standard of peaceful, moral and religious citizenship was changed to frequent brawls, fights and drunkardness which was the first condition of the kind ever known in the neighborhood.

In military circles Dr. Smith was known as Colonel Smith, being a chief officer in the Arkansas State Militia when it was called out at Waldron in the late 1870's. While on Blackfork, Col. Smith accumulated quite a bunch of cattle and drove them away when he moved into the Indian Territory and located at a point about 15 miles west of Cove, Ark., and established a town and named it "Smithville." Here he was said he mar-

ried a Choctaw woman and with this connection was able to accumulate quite a wealth of holdings.

MONKEY DAVIS

There was a small settlement on the top of Rich mountain which mountain paralells Blackfork mountain on the south. Rich mountain took its name because of its rich soil and its wonderful growth of heavy timber which covered the top and north side of the mountain. A man by the name of Davis, known as "Monkey Davis" had settled on top of the mountain and had planted an apple orchard which produced abundant of luscious fruit. He would bring, by horseback, a sack of those apples to our home on Blackfork and exchange for bacon and we children would always welcome his coming as our young apple orchard had borne no fruit. Mr. Davis said he always had a supply of fresh wild meat and would put up venison hams and bear meat for the winter's supply but on account of the panthers, wolves and bears, he would not raise hogs on the mountain. The old Davis cabin and orchard was near where the big stone hotel was built when the K. C. S. railroad was constructed through between Blackfork and Rich mountains in 1896.

As this writing is being typed from memory, the writer is not able to make connections of subjects but only as they are recalled to memory as I endeavor to go back and live again among the scenes and people of which I may write. I recall a dog and bear story which is worth its place. Mention of Wm. Wiles and his two bear huntings boys, Walt and Jack, were made in the out set of these reminiscenses. On one of their bear hunts their dogs encountered a large bear and instead of retreating, he climbed a tree; as he was leaving the ground on of the dogs seized one of its hind legs and held on until the bear reached a fork in the tree some 30 feet from the ground when he turned to fight the dog loose from its grip; one slap with a powerful paw sent the dog to the ground striking the root of the big tree with such force that he was badly wounded and could not be carried home but was left dead at their camp where the hunters had tried to save his life.

CHASED BY A PANTHER

It was a custom in those early days for one farmer or a number of farmers to kill a yearling or a hog and instead of offering part of it for sale, it would be divided around and thus a circle of neighbors would have fresh meat and each would kill in turn so all may keep a supply of fresh meats without having to buy. We had exchanged pork with the Richmond family and it was their time to butcher. It fell to my lot to go after the fresh meat. The weather was hot and the butchering was not done until the cool of the evening. A quarter of a small hog was placed in a sack and up in front of the rider on our horse, "Paint." It was two miles to our home and only one house between, which was the home of Judge Brown. The moon was shining but the dense forest trees darkened much of the road with shadows. About half mile east of the Judge Brown home there was an intersecting road leading from Haw Creek; at this point the horse looked up this road and shyed, snorted and wanted to run. I was

riding bare-back and it was difficult to hold the sack of meat and pick up speed. I could see a large panther as it would pass between the shadows through the moon light; and it was approaching closer and closer. Our horse would look back and wanted to run but the rein was tightened, holding him down to a safe speed to save the meat.

Though it looked like at times I would have to drop it. The panther would slow up and get behind then it would come in a run until it would only be a few feet away. The dogs heard me coming and barked and the panther turned back. If being scared is a thrill, that was the thrill of my life. And even today, 65 years later, should I go over that road at this intersection which was about where the Blackfork school house now stands, I would be reminded of the scare the panther gave that moon-light night. One large panther is too much for two common fox hounds unless he will retreat when the hounds will give chase; but if the panther will stand its ground, the dogs know better than to close in for a fight;; but ordinarily the panther will retreat and often will take a tree. The same is true when a pack of wolves are encountered by one or two dogs. A number of times I recall being out at night hunting when the dogs would come to us boys with their tails tucked between their hind legs. This meant they had contacted a bunch of wolves and the dogs knew they were out numbered and would retreat. We knew the hunt for the night was all off, and we returned home. While thinking of wolves the writer is reminded of one hot summer day, a very large one being shot by our father while it with others were fighting a bunch of hogs as they were trying to kill one for their meal. We heard the hogs in a rally and could hear one squealing and knew what it meant. Father hurriedly reached for his rifle which was kept in a rack over the front door and told my older brother, Bob, to bring the six-shooter and follow. The fight was about half mile away but 50 head of big hogs could put up a great noise when in a fight to protect one of their mates. It was a retreat fight and the croppled hog could not keep up with the retreating bunch; when the wolves would tackle it again, and the hog would set up a squeal; then the bunch would return to its rescue. Thus the fight was kept up until we were in sight. Father buckled his six-shooter on and advanced to within shooting distance. Brother and I sach climbed a sapling as the retreating hogs were coming toward us, while the wolves were tearing the life out of their prey. Father was a good shot. He selected the largest wolf and cracked down on him. It proved to be a dead shot and he came running down the mountain toward us. We saw father draw his trusty six-shooter but before he got another shot the big wolf struck a large tree about six feet high and fell at the root of the tree dead. The other wolves left the wounded hog and made their get-away. We carrid this hog home and dressed its wounds and saved its life. This incident happened while we lived on Haw Creek, before moving to Blackfork, but the panther chase happened later while living on Blackfork.

WAGON WITH A COLT

One day as my sister's husband, Wm. Richmond, was driving his team of horses on the valley road just across the creek and west of the

old John M. Martin home, the wagon became uncoupled and the front wheels pulled out from under the wagon bed and the team ran away with the front wheels leaving the driver and the rear part of the wagon behind. They followed the road for more than a half mile when crossing a small creek, just east of the Judge Brown home, they broke loose from the front wheels and left them. The next day Wm. Richmond's brother, Doug, with his family, were returning from a visit to his parents and their two little boys were sleeping on a pallet on the floor of the wagon bed. Their dady hooked the two wheels of the run-away wagon onto his wagon to deliver them back up the road to the other part of the wagon. While the two wheels were trailing behind, one of the boys woke up and looked out and with great excitment woke the other little boy with the exclamation, "look out quick brother, our wagon has a colt."

BEAR CARRIES 50-POUND HOG OVER 200 YARDS

Near the barn lot of our Blackfork home we had built a shelter with pine limbs with the straw on to protect our hogs from the snow and they would bed under it at night. One rainy morning just before day light we were aroused by the rally and squeal of a hog; the dogs barked and father called me to get up and learn what the excitment was all about. The hogs were some 200 yards away on the side of the hill and the squeal of the hog reflected an echo which sounded like the squealing hog was down in the field and the dogs ran down where they thought the trouble was, but the noise subsided and all was calm. After daylight, when the bunch of hogs came to the barnlot for their morning feed, the only blue hog of the bunch was missing.

Going up to their bedding place we found the tracks of a big bear where he walked on hind feet and carried his prey more than 200 yards and had finished his breakfast and was gone. Our dogs gave a short chase but after encountering him thought he was too much for them and returned. They were not of the bear hunting breed of dogs and knew not how to tackle and it may be they closed in for a fight when a few slaps with the big forearm paw would soon convince them they were no match for his game. We dressed the remaining part of the hog and had fresh pork without having to butcher.

W. Z. COLE NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING TORN BY A HUGE PANTHER

This is a true story and the space given and the history of prominent pioneer people mentioned with the incident is well worth all the space it contains.

In 1859 Zacariah Cole and wife, Mary Ann Cook Cole, came from North Carolina, in a covered wagon and landed three miles east of Mansfield, where they homesteaded and built a log house for their home, which was soon known far and wide for its thrift and hospitality. During the Civil war in the fall of 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Cole's daughter, Miss Elmyra 16 years of age, and Willie (W. Z.), five years old, made a trip one afternoon to the Chitwood home, a neighbor living two or three miles southeast of the Cole homestead, to borrow a mare for Miss Elmyra to ride to Fort

Smith the next day to visit her older brother, who was stationed there in military service. The mare, a highly spirited animal, was secured. Willie was placed on her back while the sister walked on their return home. It was late in the afternoon and suddenly the mare became frightened and broke away and Willie toppled off and the mare went back home. The young lady, not yet knowing the cause of the fright, and it being too late in the evening to try to follow the mare back to the Chitwood home and reposses her, but with little brother hurriedly started for home, knowing their parents would be uneasy about them. Between their home and the Chitwood home lived a Mr. Harris and family, who insisted they stop over night with them, as only a trail-way lead between their homes through a dense forest. However, they hurried on but had not gone far until they saw a huge panther cross the path in front of them, then it dawned upon them the cause of the mare to take such a fright.

The panther evidently was following them and had surrounded the Harris home. It would circle them and each time it crossed the path-way it would draw closer and closer. The young lady sensing the dangerous peril confronting them, ran with the little boy hanging to her skirt back to the Harris home where they were compelled to spend the night; but were chased almost to the neighbor's front door and Willie's life was saved by his game sister, as she would club the panther back until they reached safety. They returned home the next morning much to the relief of mother and family. The mare was later secured and the trip was made by the young lady to visit her older brother at Fort Smith, when she delivered to him some home knit socks and other homemade wearing apparel made and prepared by her and her mother for the young soldier boy. The night was spent with her brother and then the long horse-back ride alone to her return home some 33 miles away. One week experiences had woven much into her life and she was glad to be at home again where all was safe and well. After spending the night at home on her return, the next morning she took her little brother whose life she had saved by combating the panther a few evenings before, on her lap and told him what a wonderful dream she had had that night after her return from the long Fort Smith trip and while there, being permitted to pass the picket lines in and out when she visited her brother. She said, "brother, I dreamed that I was a 'Maud Muller' minus the 'Alas' and 'it might have been' ": I dreamed that you were to become widely known as "W. Z. Cole," and was destined to become my husbands strongest business competitor though in a remarkable friendly way." I am to become the mistress and grace of a luxurious home." My husband is to be a king in his line of wares and merchandise; his trade line to be extensive, encircling a large territory." Father and mother heard her relate the dream to the little brother and all laughed at the air-castle vision.

Time passed on; the boy grew and his young sister matured into womanhood. They attended school together, helped about the home and on the farm. The small log cabin was moved back and used for part of a barn. Industry and a high standard of citizenship had established a nice home and won many friends. This home became the stopping place for the

travelers and soon Mr. and Mrs. Cole, with their son and daughter, were known far and near.

The "Maud Muller" (minus the "alas" and "it might have been") lass, of this story became the wife of T. G. Bates at Waldron, who was the best known merchant in all this section of Arkansas and Eastern Indian Territory as his business exteded deep into the Territory where he enjoyed a profitable cattle trade with the Indians, and more so with these living in Western Arkansas. Mr. Bates embarked into the mercantile business in Waldron in 1868 and continued in the same house 41 years, when he closed his books and retired at the bugle call at the end of life. Will Cole was yet only known as "Willie" Cole. His father died when he was a small boy and he continued on the farm with his mother until he was 30 years old, when he left the farm and took his first seven years degree in the mercantile business as salesman and as manager with John R. Frazier at Mansfield, Ark. Leaving Mansfield, he located at Waldron and became known far and near as W. Z. Cole. He opened a general mercantile store and became one of the leading merchants of Scott county for 21 years; being a strong competitor to his brother-in-law, T. G. Bates, and thus his sister's early dream came true, as she was now Mrs. Bates and enjoyed one of the best homes in Waldron, as also a wide circle of friends. From Waldron W. Z. Cole went to Fort Smith and assumed the management of the Peoples' Wholesale Supply company at Van Buren, which position he occupied for several years when he retired and is now living at his home with his accomplished daughter, Miss Edith Cole at 419 S. 19th St., Fort Smith, Ark. The Cole homestead has never passed out of the family ownership. W. Z. Cole became its owner many years ago and has maintained it; keeping the spacious home in best of repair and gets much pleasure in frequent visits to this sacred retreat.

HUCKLEBERRIES AND GRAPES

Just north of Blackfork mountain lies a small mountain known as "Little mountain." It runs from a short distance from Eagleton to the west end of Blackfork mountain. When the forest fires had not swept it and killed the bushes, there would be hundreds of acres in growing, producing summer huckleberries, which in a mass of clusters, covered the face of the surface. These berries would ripen in June and would attract the whole valley neighborhood with buckets to gather this, the most lucious wild fruit.

Not only the immediate neighborhood but camping parties from Fort Smith would come and camp for days and gather the large blue berries; and besides the berries there was good fishing in Briar creek which flowed from the east to west, between the two mountains affording clear mountain water and abundant fish. There were no game nor fishing laws and the campers were at liberty to chose their own sports; picking berries, fishing, deer hunting, turkey hunting or not unfrequently encountering a bear as the mother bears would bring their young cubs here for a feast on the berries, and if the campers saught a diversion in sports it was there for them.

On portions of Blackfork mountain, which is a twin to Rich mountain, there appears great areas of arid acres, except wild grape vines, as they find rooting deep between the mass of huge boulders and climb the walls of the cliffs to their tops where they branch out for many feet producing species of a very large blue grape. They ripen in mid-summer and the whole surface of the barren rocks are covered and hanging with this wonderful wild fruit which according to any thing the writer has ever seen are read about is only surpassed by the report of Caleb and Joshua on their return from the land of CANAAN as recorded in the 13th Chapter of the Book of Numbers in the Old Testament.So dense and abundant were this mammouth fruit that the very air was sweetly and richly laden with its exhilarating perfume. So much so that the sense of smell would evidence the approach to the ripe fruit before the eyes would sight it. This is also true with rference to the sweetness and rich pervading perfume of the huckleberry. Yes: and if the camper wished a greater variety of sport he could soon locate a bee tree and secure all the honey needed in the camp and some to take home when the camp broke up.

In this early day the art of preserving fruit by canning was not known in these rural districts. Wagon sheets were spread out in the sun and these berries and grapes dried and dehidrated in such quantities as to supply the household with pie material for months.

JONES' CREEK

North of Blackfork valley was a narrow valley, "Haw Creek," which has been heretofore mentioned. North of this valley and across Walker mountain is a broader and longer valley known as Jones Creek. There were 3 brothers settled here back in the 1830's. Their names were William Lowe and Green Anthoney. One of them settled what was later known as the Marion Lynch farm in the upper or west end of the valley. Another one of the Anthoney's settled several miles east and still further down the creek. And still another one located not far from where Winfield is now located and the ford across Poteau at Winfield was known as the Anthony ford. The last survivor of this pioneer family, Aunt Ann, as she was known lived to be 100 years of age and passed away only a few years ago. The Anthoneys were great stock raisers and in fact before this valley took the name of Jones creek, it was known as Tallow creek, bearing the name from the fact that so much beef and mutton tallow was produced here and placed on the market with the hides, this early name was given. Venison hams, beef and mutton tallow, wool, deer pelts and furs were the principal money producing commodities of that early day.

THREE JONES BROTHERS

Johnie Jones, Geo. Washington (Wash) Jones and Calvin Jones settled in this valley in an early day, probably in the early 1840's and Jones creek was named from them. It was said that Wash Jones served as Justice of the Peace for many years, one of his sons or a nephew as constable and in making up a jury to try a case coming before him it was difficult at times to find a number present sufficient to qualify as jurymen out side the Jones family and at times it was called "Jones court"

but without ridicule. It must be remembered this was in pioneer days and in many cases practical emergencies were resorted to. Wash Jones reared a large family here, including four sons: Bill, Landy, Joe and Dick as they were usually known. Bill Jones was white headed, or his hair was light; he had a cousin by the name of Bill who had black hair and they were distinguished one from the other as white headed and black headed Bill Jones. The first cotton gin to be built on Jones creek was built and operated by Wash Jones and his four sons. It was a horse power gin and operated by Wash Jones and his four sons. It was a horse-power gin and the press screw that pressed the bales of cotton was fashioned of wood and was some 20 feet long with two long levers attached to the top of the big press screw, giving the appearance of two rafters on a building. Two horses, and if the bale was large, four horses were required to press down to its proper size and when an extra heavy bale was being pressed, it was said that all four of those big boys would get behind the levers and thus adding several horse powers to the press as all were big, stout fellows.

The capacity of this gin was three bales per day. The farmers would bring cotton to this gin for many miles. The writer well remembers having hauled cotton to this gin from Blackfork. We would load the wagon one day and before daylight the next morning, was on the road. Two big mountains were to be crossed but our heavy ox team were equal to the task. It would take about a day and a half to make a round trip usually exchanging seed and bringing a load of seed on the return, but would have to make another trip for the cotton.

Later a steam-power gin took the place of the horse-power and the first saw mill was set up by Wash Jones & Sons that was ever operated in this section. This saw mill later became the property of Joe (J. D.) Jones, who was assisted in its operation by A. E. Wiley, who was the chief sawyer and engineer. This is the same A. E. Wiley formerly mentioned as being constable on Blackfork. He later became a dentist and was known as Dr. A. E. Wiley of whom later mention may be made. J. D. Jones later moved to Waldron and was in business there for several years until his death. He was the father of General Jones, who was for a time associated with his father in business.

There was another horse-power gin lower down the valley, located on the hill or bluff near Brawley, owned by James Oliver and his son John C. Oliver, which served that section of the country to a great advantage, as new homes and farms were being built and opened up as the new country developed. This valley, like Blackfork, was without a postoffice, and their mail had to come through Waldron.

FIRST POSTOFFICE AT WALDRON

It appears that the postoffice at Waldron, according to information furnished by Sam K. Leming which is confirmed by records from the postmaster General at Washington, D. C., was first established in 1838, just 100 years ago, the name being "Ponton valley." Wm. G. Featherston was first postmaster. Mr. Featherston owned a farm about one and a half miles northeast of Waldron and made an effort to establish a town out there

and in 1843 moved the office out to his farm home and changed the name to Winfield, but had nothing to do with the present Winfield now west of Waldron. Mr. Featherston failed in his efforts to build a town out on his farm and in May, 1846, the office was moved back to Waldron and given the name of Waldron. It may be stated that in this connection as it will not be refered to again that Mr. Featherston opened a small store while the office was on his farm and in connection operated a saloon. It was a log structure and the unguilded counter was fashioned by four small hewn logs placed in the cracks about four feet above the dirt floor, between the logs of the wall and floored crosswise with clapboards over which drinks were served.

The writer now turns the pages of his "Memory's Scrap Book" back to Jones creek.

THOMPSON BATES AND FAMILY

Thompson G. Bates Sr, came from Spartingburg South Carolina to Arkansas in 1849, and settled in Scott county on Jones creek, on what then known as the Whitlock farm and later as the Wm. A. Denton farm. Obe Whitlock a brother-in-law of Mr. Bates, soon followed from South Carolina and took over the farm first settled by Mr. Bates, in a trade with him and Mr. Bates settled another farm about one mile west on the bluff, which is now known as the James Oliver farm; living here a few years, moved still farther west on what was called the head of Jones creek and settled another farm for keeps, where he reared a large family and spent the remaining years of his life. This farm is still known as the Thompson G. Bates farm and the title has never been out of the family as his youngest son, W. A. Bates of Waldron, now owns this old homestead. Mr. Bates and his first wife were the parents of nine children; four boys and five girls. This was before the Civil war and at the outbreak, three of his sons were old enough to enter the service. They were Frank, Seborn and Thompson G. Jr. For protection, Mr. Bates moved to Fort Smith with his family where he remained during the war as he was to old to enlist. After the war they all returned to this farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Bates' daughters were Francis, Jane, Louvine, and Peinie. Francis married Cooper Hays. They reared a family and spent their days on their first farm. Jane married Phillip B. Young, who was a leading citizen, serving his county as assessor for many years. Louivine married Thos. M. Young, brother to her sister's husband. He was also a noted citizen and helped to develop and establish the new country. The youngest daughter, Peinie, married Marion Lynch, another progressive citizen, who was a Texan, but the Youngs were from Spartingburg, N. C. and it was said they followed their sweethearts to Arkansas, where they became brother-in-law to brother and their wives sister-in-laws to sister.

Thompson G. Bates Sr, after the war, soon had a good farm opened up and also opened a store—the first to be opened in this valley. For many years he was active in the development of his new country and was widely known as a farmer, merchant and stock man, and served his community for years as J. P. In the latter 1860's, his first wife died and he later

married again and by this union one son was born, who is today Judge W. A. Bates, living in Waldron. He being only half-brother to the older Bates children. Frank Bates became a lawyer and also conducted a mercantile business in Waldron for several years. He also was the county's first public school examiner. A public spirited man and held himself ready to render service to his fellow man. He has a son, Frank Bates Jr., a lawyer and insurance man with office and home in Little Rock. Thompson G. Bates Jr. was the youngest of the three older brothers and of whom has already been made in connection with his brother-in-law, W. Z. Cole. However, after his 41 years of business in the same house, the business record and the genuine man he was will continue to live in the minds and memories of the thousands of friends who had known him. He was one of the heaviest cotton buyers in Western Arkansas. His son, Greg Bates, is now in the mercantile business in Waldron, where he continues to serve many of his father's old friends.

CLEM JONES

There was only one house west of Thompson Bates' place on Jones creek and this was the home of Clem Jones, his wife's name was Peggy. They had two daughters, Amanda and Michall. Amanda married Tom N. Deavers and her sister married Marlow Fannon. T. M. or Marlow Fannon came here from Texas in an early day with a bunch of ponies to trade for cattle; finding his wife here, he remained in the neighborhood for a few years when they, with the Clem Jones family, moved to Francis, Okla., where they lived until the "reaper of time" called for them. The only one left was Mr. Fannon, who a few years ago lived near Allen, Okla.

GRANNIE TUCKER

There was an elderly lady known as "Grannie" Tucker. She was a "Mid-wife" and as there were no doctors in the country, her services were sought far and near. She was dependable and very efficient. She assisted Dr. A. C. Johnson of Waldron in 1870, in waiting on the writer's mother when our baby brother was born. Dr. Elijah Leming had been called in this case but because of other engagements could not respond and Dr. Johnson was called and made a 25-mile horse-back ride to render service.

Grannie Tucker had four daughters. One of them, Emedia, married John Lynch; another married a Mr. Parnell, who lived in the Indian Territory on Haw creek, four miles west of the state line. As memory serves, she later married a Mr. Scarbrough, though in this the writer may be wrong. The other daughter was married to a Mr. Clark and she and her husband died and left two little orphan boys, John and James Clark, who were reared by an old maid sister, Becca, who was known as Aunt Becca Tucker.

The Clem Jones farm as mentioned above was sold to Isaac Ward who was a very progressive farmer and stock raiser. He lived here for many years and moved to Loving, Okla., where he operated a store. One of his sons, according to information, now is living in Heavener, Okla.

1147156

W. A. BATES

Few men in Western Arkansas are better known than Judge Bates as he is generally known. As stated above, he was the youngest son of Thompson G. Bates Sr., and a half-brother to his other nine children. Judge Bates attended the public schools on Jones creek as well as some of the private schools, and applied hemself closely to his books. He married a daughter of John C. Oliver, a member of a distinguished Jones creek families. He continued on the farm and studied law. Served as school director for many years and was Justice of the Peace 14 years.

He supplied his office with a well selected library and learned his books. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1902. Served as County Judge from 1906 to 1910. Served as deputy Prosecuting Attorney from 1910 to 1913. Was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Arkansas 1917-18. Has been in the practice of law for more than 30 years. He is the father of six children. His youngest son, Wm. Bryan Bates, is preparing for the practice of law. He has his L. L. B. degree from Cumberland university and this year is in the law department of the University of Arkansas. One of his daughters, Mrs. Vanhorn, has held a position in the Auditor's office in Oklahoma City for several years. Another daughter, Miss Robinette, has a position in the Revenue department in Little Rock.

C. M. VISE

C. M. Vise came to Jones creek from South Carolina with the Youngs, Phillip and Thomas and married their sister. It is said that he too followed his South Carolina sweetheart to Arkansas. He first settled on Jones creek where he lived for many years. He was elected sheriff of Scott county and served from 1882 to 1888. Few men in Scott county were better known and had more friends than C. M. Vise. His son, Will, who now lives and operates the Midway Tourist camp, 14 miles south of Waldron, served as a peace officer for several years while at Waldron.

THE DENTONS

Among the early settlers of this valley were the Denton families; Walker Denton, came here in the 1830's and was the Sr. Denton. He was so well liked that Walker mountain was named for him and has carried his name ever since. There were several of the Dentons, some the writer cannot recall sufficiently to make honorable and intelligible mention, but do remember Tom and Wm. A. Denton. The latter became owner of the Obe Whitlock farm after the death of Mr. Whitlock, who took his own life by gunshot some time in the 1870's. There is a creek called Denton creek and a schoolhouse named for the Dentons on Jones creek.

PHIPPS FAMILY

This is another widely known family, Wm. Phipps, father of Obe Phipps and there were three daughters. One married G. C. Hutson, one married Captain Mead and the other married W. M. Moses and all reared large families.

IASAC BARNETT

Another family to be mentioned of the 1830's was Iasac Barnett, who lived on Cross creek. He had one son James, and one daughter; she married a Mr. Statton, but the family is only history as they all passed away many years ago.

FIRST DOCTOR ON JONES CREEK

Probably the first practicing physician to locate in all this section was Dr. Ira Cook, who located on the bluff near where Brown's store now stands and enjoyed a very extensive practice during the 1870's. His brother Elijah Cook settled lower down the valley on Cross creek, southwest of Winfield, where he lived for many years, being well known as a leading farmer and citizen.

Two other settlers here were two brothers, Elige and Fletcher Bishop and one sister, who became the wife of Tom W. Denton. Mr. and Mrs. Denton have both passed away but have one son, Elige Denton, now living in Waldron, who was named for his uncle, Elige Bishop.

BRAWLEY POSTOFFICE

How those old-timers got along without newspapers and a means of corresponding is difficult for people living in this modern day to understand. However, those pioneers lived without either; but it may be said that a new country cannot be opened and developed by reading a newspaper or sitting down writing to friends. Nothing was on their minds except to master their tasks. That was to subdue the forests, drive back the bears and panthers and at the same time keep the wolf from the door.

Brawley postoffice was established, according to records in Washington, D. C., July 24, 1887. Copy of the record says that Mrs. Sarah A. Bise was first postmaster, but it evidently should read Vise instead of Bise. The office was kept in the home of C. M. Vise and it was generally understood that C. M. Vise was postmaster. The writer is also persuaded that the office was established July 24, 1877, and the report from Washington was evidently a typographical error and should read 1877. I remember the office on Blackfork was established in 1877, and that Jones creek got theirs about the same time. I also contend that C. M. Vise was postmaster instead of his wife. In support of my convictions, I will say that C. M. Vise was appointed the first postmaster July 24, 1877, and served until he was elected sheriff in 1882, and moved to Waldron. I. V. Willis was then appointed and moved the office to his residence just west of the Vise schoolhouse and a little north of the valley road. Mr. Willis kept the office until his death in about 1903, when he was succeeded as postmaster by George A. Chandler who served until the office was discontinued in about 1930; and that valley is now served with mail route of Waldron, route No. 3.

THE ADVANCE REPORTER

Just at this period in my writing Claude Hunt, formerly of Waldron, but who with his wife and her niece, Miss Pet Simmons, are our neighbors here at McAllen, Texas, handed me a copy of The Advance Reporter,

published at Waldron. When I get and Arkansas paper it is like it used to be when on Blackfork, when the horn would blow for dinner, the hoe would go to the shade and the plow would take out to see what it was all about. In looking over the caption of the editorial page there contained four paragraphs worth their space in any paper or in any book. So much good for thought I am re-producing it here believing it will be appreciated by the thinking reader who failed to see it in The Advance Reporter.

It is a relief when the writer can withdraw his wandering mind from the early scenes in Scott county, Arkansas, and feast in thought for a few moments on this Master piece about a "scrap of paper."

"No magician with his magic wand, mystic words or mysterious passes can achieve the miracles that can be worked with simple pieces of paper."

"Advertising printed on pieces of paper influences people to buy and thus make factory wheels turn and give work to millions."

"On a piece of paper may be drawn the plans for a towering sky-scraper, a bridge to span a mighty river, a cottage or a cathedral. On a piece of paper a poet may write inspiring words that will live forever. Or a composer may write on it immortal music. Or it may be made into a check and convey a fortune half-way around the world. Or it may be used to record notes and formulas which will revolutionize science."

While reading the above, a little blue print for building a house came into mind and which I endeavor to give in the following lines:

ARE YOU LIVING IN AN UNFINISHED HOME?

Many pictures have been drawn,
Of an ideal family home;
With lovely gardens and landscaped lawns,
A mansion with rooms for everyone;
With wealth and luxury manifest,
For each and every inmate guest.

Then a cottage one may say,
Less pretentious of wealth or space;
It may be hidden far away,
In a more secluded place;
Not so tall nor near so wide,
Yet room for all it may provide.

These homes may, or may not be,
Complete as I will try to show;
If a room left out it seems to me,
Is very important one may know.
It's the inner room of a home or heart,
The first to plan when a home you start.

This inner room in heart or home,
Gives space for secret talks with God;
Without which the home may never come,
In close relation with their Lord;
Whose counsel every day we need,
If in this home we may succeed.
If one room only you may build,
For those who may depend on you;
Let it be sanctified and filled,
With love as only God can do;
A family altar within it there,
Dedicated to Him in prayer.

Do you live in such a blessed home,
Where father and mother in bonds are one;
At nightfall when tasks for the day are done,
Assemble with children in the inner room;
With the door of your heart open wide,
Ask Jesus to meet with you inside?

Or was the architect only a man,
In sketching a home for those most dear;
Without any thought of God in the plan,
And living in it from year to year?
Time will sure tell in years to come,
If you reared a family in an unfinished home.

GUSS MORGAN

I now return to my subject and move out of Jones creek, crossing the mountain into Poteau valley, over a road I once would drive with an ox team with two bales of cotton ginned at the Wash Jones gin, on the way to Fort Smith. On the north side of the mountain A. G. (Gus) Morgan settled on a homestead in 1849 and at that time was the nearest neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bates on Jones creek, their homes being about eight miles apart. Mr. Morgan was a progressive man and a leader in the upbuilding of the country during the many years of his life. He operated a mill, cotton gin and saw mill and opened up one of the best farms in his section of the country. The writer was only slightly acquainted with Mr. Morgan but was better acquainted with his daughter, Miss Mollie, and two of her brothers, Bob and Charley. Miss Mollie Morgan became state-wide known as a member of the order of the Eastern Star, being elected by the grand chapter at Little Rock as Grand Worthy Matron, which position she very efficiently served during her term of office. She toured the state several times and was greatly admired by the members of the order and by many friends she had contacted.

Miss Morgan married a Mr. Moten and now lives at Western Grove, Ark., where her husband is engaged in operating a general mercantile business.

DICK EATON

This was another old settler who lived near Mr. Morgan and became well known. He was probably the first Justice of the Peace to be elected in this early day. He served in this capacity for many years.

Tom King was another old settler here, locating about the same year that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Eaton established their homes here. Mr. King has a son, M. M. King, who I understand still lives in Scott county. In this early day it is said that when there was a house-raising or log-rolling on either side of the Walker mountain, all residents would be notified and would be present to lend their aid, as it took the combined men folks of the two neighborhoods to raise a log house or roll the logs on the newly cleared land opened up for farms.

CAUTHRON

Cauthron is west of Waldron about half the distance between Waldron and the Indian Territory line. Thomas A. Hall was an early settler here and was one of the most outstanding progressive citizens in Western Scott county. He was at the head of the school board and assisted greatly in etablishing the best schools the country afforded. The writer well remembers when Judge Brown's two daughters, Misses Gertrude and Dora Brown were both engaged to teach in the Cauthron school for a number of terms, while their home was on Blackfork.

T. A. Hall was the first postmaster at Cauthron when the office was established Feb. 6, 1878, just 60 years ago as this is being typed in February, 1938. J. P. Hall was another outstanding citizen here and represented Scott county in the Arkansas Legislature, one or more terms, and was also elected to the State Senate from this district, in the 1890's and was in the mercantile business for several years. The writer may have his wires a little crossed in mention of T. A. and J. P. Hall. As I thought at first they were one and the same person and that I was crossed on their initials, but later information said that T. A. Hall and J. P. Hall were two persons but their relation if any I cannot re-call. (They were brothers —Publisher).

DR. JOHN F. BENTLEY

Perhaps there was no better known early settler in Poteau valley than Dr. Bentley. He came from Georgia to Arkansas in 1867, and settled on Cross creek and was among the first school teachers. He taught at Vise schoolhouse, on Jones creek, and one of his pupils now living is Judge W. A. Bates at waldron.

Mr. Bentley later became a doctor and later located at Cauthron, where he practiced his profession for many years. It was the writer's pleasure to be personally acquainted with Dr. Bently and later in 1899, I taught a music class for ten days at Cauthron and two of his daughters and one son attended this school.

The saddest re-colection about this singing school was that the lovely and comely daughter of Dr. Bentley, Miss Ruth Bentley sickened and died during this school. Her funeral was largely attended as she had many personal friends; and many young people had been her pupils as she had

been one of the leading teachers for years. Our singing school attended the funeral in a body and furnished the music for the sad occasion, useing appropriate selections from books used in the school. As it now appears another daughter of Dr. Bentley was in this music school and I well remember his son, Scott A. Bentley, who was a member of the class.

PROF. L. B. REYNOLDS

In 1884 or '85 Prof. Reynolds came from Sebastian county, where he had taught school for several years, to Cauthron and established one of the most noted schools of that day; he being a real teacher and was an educated man far above the average teacher of his day. This was a graded school and took in the high school branches and also advanced into college work. It was the first school affording opportunities for advanced students the county had ever had and a great many boarding pupils attended from other sections of the country. Some of the outstanding professional men and women went out from this school to take a leading part in the future promotion of educational, professional and business life. Among some of those whom may be mentioned were Will Stanford, who became a lawyer and his brother Fred Stanford a noted doctor; John Cheny, a teacher; Miss Ruth Bentley, Miss Hattie Hall, M. M. King, T. I. Stanford, were all teachers going out from this school. Lee Bethel became a leading business man; James Smith was also a teacher and later a druggist; James Daley and B. R. Combs both noted doctors; Howard Johnson a railroad man and James B. Cox, is now editor of the Waldron Advance Reporter. M. L. Croom now of Fort Smith attended this school several years and made one of the country's best teachers and later became a lawyer. Jack Hough of Parks attended this school and became a teacher and lawyer; John, Bob and Will Caviness of Gravelly; J. K. Monroe of Nola; John and Bob Caviness are still living. Bob is a prominent farmer and business man; Will Caviness and J. K. Monroe have passed on across the Great Divide.

It took an effort by someone or some body of men to bring this school about. Among the promotors of this school may be mentioned Dr. John F. Bentley, Rev. James Cox, J. P. Hall, J. C. Stanford, A. Norris, A. F. Johnson, F. M. Daley, S. J. Parks, and W. R. Bethel with others whose names are not in hand, stood squarely behind this school and co-operated with Prof. Reynolds in every way to its greatest success.

SCHOOL DAY REFLECTIONS

Just here I side track and if you will bear with me, we may go back together.

I sit this eve with pen in hand,
And review the fleeting years that's gone;
Since on the school ground hand, in hand,
We used to meet in youth's fair morn;
We recollect each boy and girl,
and how we always loved them so;
And how we used to chase those curls,
In playing fox and base, you know.

Those boys and girls are fond to me,
Today, as were they long ago;
We only wish that we could see,
And greet their coming to and fro;
But as the years of time fly by,
Those friends are like a golden dream;
We open our eyes to realize,
Their youthful faces never more is seen.

Where are those early friends of yore,
The boys and girls we used to know;
With whom we passed the sunny hours,
And days of sixty years ago?
It matters not just where you be,
If where you are I never know;
Tonight your memory's as sweet to me,
As it was those many years ago.

For if you dwell on foreign shores,
If land and sea set us apart;
I love you as in days of yore;
Thoughts of you dwell deep in my heart.
When curtains of night your bedside enshroud,
And thoughts most serene you may know;
When on your knees in prayer you are bowed,
Remember those friends of sweet long ago.

One of the first teachers at Cauthron was Mrs. Sue Bethel, wife of Rev. W. R. Bethel. Rev. Bethel was a pioneer preacher and served many small churches and communities in Western Scott county in those early days. Such men and such women as Rev. and Mrs. Bethel blazed the roads that lead to a better life for many with whom they came in contact as she taught and as he preached the Gospel in the name of Jesus Christ their Blessed Savior.

Another faithful minister for Scott county was Rev. O. C. Hunt, a member of a well known family, who came to Scott county from Louisiana, in 1878, and settled six miles south of Waldron. Rev. Hunt's parents were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt. Besides the Rev. Hunt and Mrs. A. B. Hunt had two other sons: C. B. Hunt Jr. and Claude V. Hunt, and four daughters; Ada, Nellie, Lois and Susie, all of whom became identified with the advancement of the country. As before mentioned, Claude V. Hunt married Mis Tolie Simmons, and they are now neighbors to the writer in the Rio Grande Valley, McAllen, Texas.

REV. L. F. PATTERSON

Rev. L. F. Patterson was another pioneer preacher. His home was near Winfield, west of Waldron. From this home he went out over the new

country and served many churches as their pastor. Much of his time was spent as a church Missionary in rural communities. It is said that—"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." The memory of such a good man as Brother Patterson lives on and on, and his influence for good never dies.

REV. JAMES COX

In 1880, Rev. James Cox located in Waldron, coming here from Jackson county, Alabama. His business and theme was to preach the Gospel, and he found a wide field for his work in Scott county, as there were five wide-open saloons in Waldron when he arrived here. He was a methodist and attended annual conference in Fort Smith in Nov. 1880, and assigned to the Waldron circuit. He was a man of deep convictions of right and wrong and was not here long until people knew where to find him when any question would come up which would affect the highest standard of moral and Christian life. He spent 29 years in the ministry in Alababa before coming to Arkansas, and was actively engaged in his chosen life's work for 31 years in Arkansas and up to the time of his death, at the age of 90 years. The writer recalls hearing him preach at Bates in 1910, while Rev. D. N. Weaver was pastor there. He was a guest preacher and was not able to stand, and delivered his great life-giving message while on his seat. His message satisfied a hunger so often felt in the hearts of those who are longing for the return of THE OLD TIME POWER OF THE GOSPEL. The indwelling richness of this gospel was manifested as he unfolded some of the sweet experiences of his daily life. Though aged and decrepit, his ambition was to preach the living WORD to the end.

The value of his 60 years of active work while in the ministry will not be soon forgotten by those he so faithfully served here and all the time he was laying up treasures above and there received his promised reward.

Other ministers we remember who contributed much of their time and ability to the promotion of the Preached Word: Rev. Ridling, who has one or two sons at Mena; Rev. McGlamery, Rev. Carnett, father of Wm. Carnett, a well known teacher who lived in Poteau valley about Cauthron, and now lives at Howe, Okla.; Rev. Taff and Rev. Jim Hayes, and others we cannot recall to memory. Those were God-sent embassadors to preach His living Gospel to those hungry pioneers. Not only those preachers but there were many laymen who were great leaders inraising and holding aloft the banner of the Prince of Peace, in their daily walks and Christian living. The writer happened to be a Methodist and well remembers some of the outstanding men who attended district conferences in Sebastian county, after we had moved back there from Scott county. One may be mentioned who was especially conspicious because of his physique and his manner of dress. This was A. F. Johnson of Cauthron, who wore his homemade jeans suits and even his dress shirt was of homemade weave and was envied by some of the old timers who had discarded the home products of clothing for the cheaper "store-bought" apparel. Mr. Johnson was guest in our home a number of times while attending those meetings.

WILLIAM B. DOZIER

The writer does not know how many years Mr. Dozier served as postmaster at Waldron, but he kept it so long that the public looked upon him as being about the only man qualified for the place, or in otherwords, the postoffice belonged to him, just the same as if it had been a store or any other place of business. He held the office for several years under his own appointment and assisted in the office under other appointments as he had proven himself capable, and obliging to the public

THREE ALABAMA BOYS

In about 1881, the population of Waldron was increased by the arrival of three grown-up boys from Jackson county, Alabama. They were John and Jim Harvey and Geo. P. Caver, all seeking western adventure but not of the wild west kind. John Harvey became a farmer and his brother James M. and their pal, Geo. Caver, located in Waldron and grew to mutured manhood as the town developed. They all made their "foot prints on the sands of time." They were popular young men and chose their companionship with the best people. Mr. Caver married Miss Emma Harris, sister to Mrs. W. B. W. Heartsill, wife of the late W. B. W. Heartsill and Mrs. Roxie Spradling, wife of the late G. N. Spradling, both of Greenwood, Ark. Mr. Caver's first wife died and he later married Miss Maggie Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Lewis, another widely known family. For many years Mr. Caver, in partnership with J. L. Evatt, conducted a most successful mercantile business. The firm was popularly known as Caver & Evatt. Mr. Caver died many years ago and his widow later became the wife of Judge Sam K. Duncan, who died some years ago.

J. M. Marvey married Miss Willa Price, daughter of a popular farmer in the Blansett community. Tom Price who was a son of P. F. Price, a pioneer settler there and for whom Price's creek was named. One of P. F. Price's daughters married W. L. Whitworth, they were the parents of three daughters. One of their daughters, Sallie, married M. S. Gaines, a prominent merchant at Greenwood in the late 1880's. Another daughter married Dr. A. E. Wiley, a popular dentist of Waldron. The youngest daughter, Maggie, married W. R. Willis, a railroad conducter at Van Buren, Ark. J. M. Harvey was elected County Judge of Scott county in 1889 and served one term. Judge Harvey served Waldron as postmaster for four years under Cleveland's first administration and was re-appointed four years later for another four-year term under Cleveland's second administration.

Just here the writer begs that it may not be out of place to state that in Oct., 1902, he and Judge Harvey became partners in the publication of The Greenwood Democrat, at Greenwood, Ark., and continued for five years when I bought his interest and he returned to Waldron and entered the Drug business where he has continued in business to this writing. While he lives, may I say the kind words which too often are withheld for ones obituary. Our business relations were most pleasant, in fact the

writer has always felt that he was indebted to him for his examples of industry and patient indulgence. May I also quote a remark made by Congressman John S. Little, when he had returned from congress for his winter vacation; in speaking of my selling a half-interest in the paper to Judge Harvey, he said: "I don't know how much money he paid for the half interest, but if the amount was small and if you got nothing more, the man in the deal is worth the price." He had many admirable attributes; loyalty to friends and honesty in business, devotion to his family, always ready to make self sacrifice for their benefit, comfort and pleasure. He had a most lovable family; two sons and three daughters, Dr. John Harvey, and Maurice Harvey, then a baby but now Coroner of Scott county. His oldest daughter, Gene, married Emmett Hesterly, a railroad man who died years ago. Dr. John Harvey married Gertrude Payne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Payne, Waldron, who died leaving two little girls and Mrs. Hesterly took charge of his home and has been a mother to those children who are now grown and in the finishing years of their school life. Ruby Harvey married Clyde Herbert who has a position in the First National bank at Fort Smith, which he has held for many years. The youngest daughter, Jennie, first married a Mr. McCaleb, a member of a noted pioneer family of Poteau valley, who died and years later she married a Mr. Perry. While at Greenwood, Judge Harvey was elected mayor and just one little incident I wish to relate. One rainy morning the writer went to the courthouse to check up on a marriage license for the paper. While there a stranger came in and applied to the county clerk for a marriage license. It was necessary for someone to go on his bond, which the writer offered to do. Then he needed someone to perform the rites. I phoned my partner and he was quickly on the ground ready for the act. The bride-to-be was still in the buggy as they had driven from Fort Smith with team and buggy.

The mayor, who had authority to solemnize marriage, told the groom to get in the buggy and to join right hands. The rain was still pouring down. I held the umbrella over the mayor while he performed. The groom took the license back to the clerk and had the marriage certified and returned to the buggy and drove away. A few days later we saw in a Fort Smith paper where the man and his wife were arrested for occupying a room for immoral purposes when he presented his marriage certificate. It turned out that he had married his mother-in-law after he and his first wife had separated. Of course that was private money, but I always did think with the part I played in the act the mayor should have gone 50-50 on the $2.50 fee he got for services.

MOSE SIMMONS

The reader of these personal mentions may not understand why many other prominent pioneers are not mentioned; but it must be remembered that these writings are taken from memory and mention of those I personally knew is as far as memory will reach. The writer knew Mose Simmons and some of his boys as stock men. Mr. and Mrs. Mose Simmons came from Louisiana to Waldron in 1876, and established a home on a farm near Square Rock, three miles north of Waldron and

there reared a large family; five sons and seven daughters. The sons were Frank, Bud, Mose, Grover and Grady. The daughters were Viola, Mollie, Tolie, Sallie, Allyefair (Sug), Maude, and Velma ("Sweetie"). Viola married W. O. Smith, a member of another widely known pioneer family; Mollie married T. M. Estes; Tolie married Claude V. Hunt; Sallie married Joe E. Leming; "Sug" as she was known, married Sam A. Leming; Maude married Mat Mitchell; and Velma ("Sweetie") marries H. O. Estes..

It was young Mose Simmons who was with the late Miles Keener when he was fatally wounded by drunken outlaws, as he was driving a herd of cattle through the Indian Territory when Grant Larimore was also killed; as their tent was fired upon. While in Waldron I wish to mention two unique characters who were known all over Arkansas, and even in up states; they were Mr. and Mrs. Free Malone, who operated the Continental hotel. The writer became a traveling man in 1895 and many times since was a guest at what the traveling men called "The Malone Hotel." Not to their discredit, may it not be out of place to mention one or two incidents. In the first place we slept in the attic and ate in the basement. All of the intervening space was used for a lobby and the family quarters. Before Waldron had a railroad and train service, Mr. Malone ran a livery stable back of the hotel where teams were fed and cared for. After the train was put on with a round trip day-service from Heavener, Okla., spending the night at Waldron; a negro porter would meet the trains with a two-wheel cart and transfer the "drummer's" grips to the hotel. But the train left too early for this old porter to be disturbed and Mr. Malone with a long handled broom would punch the floor under the room occupied by guests who were to leave on the early mrning train until he was assured all had been called and had responded. The two-wheeled cart was out on the front porch and we would pile our grips in and make for the train like a young volunteer fire department going to a fire. The little wagon was left at the depot. For many years this unique character was J. P. and epecialized on marriages. This story was told that one day a couple came to the lobby of the hotel where his office was and reported that they came to be married. He seated them and retired to his room for a clergy-style dress-up with Prince Albert coat, with white vest and a bright shoe shine. In the meantime Mrs. Malone with other members of the Baptist church and been doing home Missionary work to raise money for their pastor. They all stopped at the hotel in passing and found the couple waiting to be married. Mrs. Malone hurried to the parsonage, got the preacher and returned, when he married the couple before Mr. Malone had time to doll up for the occasion. Then he showed his "Irish" and said to his wife: "Jennie, you know we have been married 40 years; you also know that I don't cuss but if I did, I would say this is the damdest meanest trick you ever played on me." Another good story runs like this: Two young lawyers were trying a civil case before him, he setting as a jury. The forenoon was pretty well taken up with the testimony in the case and when the last witness had been dismissed it was about time to adjourn for dinner. The young lawyers

wanted 30 minutes earh for arguing the sase when their request was granted. With all dignity he said to them: "Court will adjourn until one o'slock when the constable will call court and you can proceed with your argument, but I have a date out in the country to marry a couple and when you are through the constable will adjourn court and you will find my decision here in my desk."

SCOTT COUNTY

According to information furnished by Judge W. A. Bates of Waldron, Scott county was formed November 5, 1833, while Arkansas was yet a territory. Arkansas was admitted to statehood June 15, 1849. A few pioneers preceded the county, some of whose names have been mentioned, coming here as early as 1830. In 1860, the year before the Civil war broke out, the record shows there were only ten public schools in Scott county, and a few lawyers and doctors. Drs. DuVal and James H. Smith were two of the early doctors. One of the early teachers who later became a doctor was J. F. Bentley in Poteau valley near Cauthron.

Scott county is more than 100 years old and here we are trying to tell about this baby who was born before its parents or it may be better said it was illegally born; that is, before the parent state was admitted into statehood.

Its area is approximately 500 square miles; is made up of mountains, hills and valleys lying parallel east and west. The mountains are in the range of the great Ouachitas. It may be said here the range of Ouachita mountains are those lying south of the Arkansas river and the Ozarks are the mountains north of the Arkansas river.

The county is drained from east to west by Poteau river and its tributaries, some of them are Blackfork, Jones Creek, Cross Creek and many other which head up in the mountains and flow to Poteau, opening up fertile valleys varying in width. The historic Poteau flows to the Arkansas river and empties at Fort Smith. In the eastern lay of Scott county there is a dividing point and east of this line the drainage flow is eastward into the great Fourche LaFave, and is carried on to the Arkansas. Besides these rich valleys the mountains have supplied one of the greatest wealths of pine and hard wood lumber of any county in Arkansas. A few clear flowing springs of water are to be found but for domestic uses the farmer has to dig an open well only 20 to 30 feet to find an abundance of soft, clear, healthy, everlasting water. The mountains have furnished great pasturage for stock. Besides the native grass there is a small wild pea vine known to grow in the mountains which bears abundant crops of peas upon which the cattle would fatten. The large white oak, post oak and other acorn bearing trees would furnish much food for hogs, especially in the pioneer days of which reference has already been made.

Scott county has always been known as a warm political contestant and many an interesting campaign has been waged. One of these as recalled was especially unique and was one of the real political jokes which will be referred to later.

THE 9TH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT

According to history furnished by the "Arkansas History Commission" of Little Rock, in 1862 Scott county was in Judicial District No. 9 and Judge Henry B. Stuart was on the bench at that time and Newton J. Temple was prosecuting attorney. In 1865 H. N. Hargrove was District Judge and A. T. Craycrafe was prosecuting attorney. Just here the writer can furnish this commission a bit of history they do not seem to have. According to a commission dated May 30, 1864, which is signed by Governor Isaac Murphy and attested by Secretary of State Robert I. T. White, John R. Steele was made prosecuting attorney on that date. His tragic death is mentioned in my write-up of Sebastian county which may be found in this book. We have no record of Mr. Steele ever appearing in court as its attorney as this was during the Civil war and he was killed the same year after being commissioned prosecuting attorney.

The 12th judicial district was established in 1873 and P. C. Dooley was its first District Judge. He served until 1877. During this period D. D. Leach was prosecuting attorney. In 1877 Judge John H. Rogers was elected District Judge and served until 1882 when he was succeeded by Judge R. B. Rutherford who served until 1886. John S. Little was elected District Judge to succeed Judge Rutherford in 1886 and served several terms. The state commissioner here cut me off, else these district officers would have been brought up to date. But from "Memory"s Scrap Book," the writer recalls as District Judges: E. E. Bryant, Styles T. Rowe, Paul Little, John E. Tatum and the present Judge J. Sam Wood. The prosecuting attorneys were, or among them, were T. N. Sanford, Jo Johnson, A. A. McDonald, Prentis E. Rowe, Paul Little, J. Sam Wood, and the incumbent, Harrell Harper. However, their mention may not be in the order of their service and some may have been omitted, but not intentionally.

THE BLACK HORSE WON

Elsewhere reference to a good political joke was made with the promise it would later be given; so here it is.

Hubert J. Hall was widely known as an educator and for many years was at the head of the Waldron high school. After he retired as a school master he at one time owned and edited The Advance Reporter and had a longing for political favors. Gil Johnson, a very likable young man of near Coal Dale, had graduated in Professor Hall's school at Waldron and they were very intimate personal friends. Professor Hall, as he was generally known, in his political aspirations sought the state senatorship. This office was also sought by Hon. T. N. Sanford who was as well known in politics as Professor Hall was known in educational circles. The story goes that Professor Hall called to his assistant, Gil Johnson. The plan was for young Johnson to announce as a candidate for state senator and his expenses were to be paid by Professor Hall who was to manage his campaign. He was instructed to make a few speeches over the county at public gatherings and by this he would divide the strength of Mr. Sanford in the western part of the

county where it was estimated his greatest following lay. It was also estimated that Mr. Hall could carry the middle and eastern part of the county. Polk county was in this senatorial district but by common consent this was Scott county's turn to elect a senator. Tom Sanford was pretty keen and saw the point, so when he was campaigning in the middle or eastern part of the county he urged that if the electors could not support him conscientiously to vote for Gil Johnson, thus Sanford was working for Johnson in one part of the county and Hall was his campaign manager in another part. Most all political observers could only see Johnson as a joke in the race. This was in a democratic primary and when the votes were counted, Johnson "The Black Horse" was elected. He was certified but in the general election would not allow his name on the ticket as he had applied for a postal clerkship on the K. C. S. branch from Heavener to Waldron and his application had been accepted and he had been inducted into the service. This left the democrats without a nominee. Mr. Hall ran in the general election on an independet ticket from Scott county and George LeGate a republican, came out independently from Polk county and was elected.

May it be further stated that Gilbert Johnson later became one of the most successful postoffice inspectors as he climbed higher and higher in the service until he was considered right at the top. And so far as the writer knows he is still in the postal service.

BLACKFORK

I now return my thoughts again to Blackfork and pay respects to other pioneer families whom I have failed to mention.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN J. BURNETT

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett came to Blackfork from near Greenwood, Sebastian county, in 1881. They located in the central part of the valley and spent their first night in a one-room log cabin which was to be their temporary home until better quarters could be established. They had three little boys, Albert, Eli, and Graphen. The latter died here in 1908. Albert and Eli grew to manhood while on this farm. In a recent letter from Eli, who now lives at Marshall, Texas, he says in reference to their first night on Blackfork: "I was just seven years old, we had one dog—a small cur— and the first night at the log cabin he was afraid to stay outside the house and we let him stay inside. He and a wildcat would fight through the cracks between the logs of the wall and the wildcat got the best of the fight but not until the dog's mouth and face were badly torn and bleeding." He also referred to the bears coming down from the mountains and catching and devouring the farmers' hogs. Mr. Burnett spent many years here and became one of the valley's leading citizens. While here there were four other boys born to Mr. and Mrs. Burnett. They were James Leonard, Oliver, Ben Harrison and Elza Truitt. They all grew to manhood here and their parents it is said made many strenuous efforts in behalf of their education and succeeded in this respect far above the average farmer of his neighborhood. The oldest son, Albert, became a noted

physician and was located in Waldron at the time of his death in 1936. The other five living brothers all seem to concentrate their efforts in the lumber business and their first mill was on Blackfork, which valley offered some of the finest pine timber to be found in Arkansas. These boys later became known as among the largest lumber producers in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, being known as the Burnett, and the Hauert-Burnett Lumber Combany. One of their main plants was at Clayton, Okla., with many distributing points. Eli and Benjamin are located at Marshall, Texas; Oliver is at Fort Smith, and James and Elza are at Waldron and each and all of them are still manufacturing and dealing in lumber and have been identified as being amog the large producers and dealers.

The parents of these boys, Mr. John Jackson and Charity Burnett, remained on their Blackfork home until 1915 when they went to live with their son, Eli, at Marshall, Texas. The father died in 1929; the mother, Mrs. Charity Burnett, is still living at the good old age of 85 years, and continues her home with her son, Eli Burnett. Mrs.Burnett was Miss Charity Merritt before marriage to John J. Burnett and lived in what is now known as the Mt. Harmony neighborhood about four miles south of Greenwood. Her oldest brother, Bud Merritt, married Mary Larimore, daughter of Rev. Harvey Larimore. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Green Cardin referred to in my Sebastian county items. Mr. and Mrs. Bud Merritt moved from Sebastian county to Roff, Okla., in 1893, where they lived until their death in 1927. Mrs. Merritt died in January and her husband followed in December. They were survived by two sons and one daughter: Edward J. Merritt of Dumas, Texas; Miss Ona H., of Oklahoma City, and L. Manuel Merritt, Roff, Oklahoma, who was postmaster at that town for many years.

JUDGE HARRELL

Judge Harrell was another distinguished citizen of Scott county who lived in Poteau valley near Cauthron. Judge Harrell was county Judge at one time and he and his family were widely known. The writer recalls some of the members of his family.

M. L. (LEM) LAIRIMORE

Lem Lairmore was born on Blackfork, Scott county, Arkansas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Lairmore, who in the 1890's lived east of Waldron near the Lamb school house for several years and were well known in Waldron. They had two other sons, Brit and Obe, and one daughter, Thula, who married Luther Lippard, of Mansfield, while living east of Waldron. Mrs. (Mary) Larimore was the writer's oldest sister. They moved to the I. T. from Waldron where Lem started his career as an officer. His first experience was as a posseman under U. S. Marshal John West. Later he came back to Hartford, Ark., where he was on police duty. He went from there to Okmulgee, Okla. The I. T. (Indian Territory) had now passed into the new state of Oklahoma. Here for a time he served as probation officer for the government. Following this he served McIntosh county as deputy sheriff; then four years

as policeofficer at Okmulgee; following this six years as chief criminal deputy sheriff in the sheriff's office at Okmulgee. He then moved to Tulsa where he served ten years as city detective and is still connected with the police department in that city. It has been contemplated that mention of crimes and tragedy would not appear in this write-up, but in this case with the record made by a Scott county boy who was born on Blackfork and who is so widely known as an officer, some of his experiences may not be out of place and may no doubt will be interested in reading it. Some of the cases he handled or helped to handle were the Hatly-Lansing gang. When in battle with them his partner, Homer Spalding, was killed and Lem was wounded. Two of the gang were killed and another wounded, and all were captured. He handled the noted Underhill case in Okmulgee county. In making the arrest Underhill's partner, Skete Aikins, was killed. Underhill got life in the pen and later escaped and killed an officer in Wichita, Kansas. He was given another life sentence and again escaped, but was run down by officers and killed at Shawnee, Okla. The noted Kimes Brothers, George and Matt, had robbed two banks at Beggs, Okla., and had killed the chief of police, and they were placed in the Okmulgee jail by this officer and his helpers. They later were liberated from the jail by their friends but were soon recaptured. Matt Kimes, the leader, was trailed to Canyon, Arizona, where he was captured and brought back by the Scott county boy. Since joining the force at Tulsa, Lem has experienced one run with bank robbers in which a running fight for several miles resulted in two of the trio being wounded and the other being captured, and the $2,600 loot being recovered. Larimore did all the shooting with a 16-shot high powered rifle from the police side while his partner managed the police car at a one mile a minute race while the bank robbers were shooting their car. But their fire arms had shorter reach. When the run was ended the bandits' car was showing 11 punctures out of the 16 shots. The distance between the racing cars was more than 200 yards. In all of his experiences where there has been plenty of action, he has escaped with only two wounds.

It will be remembered when Ray Terrill and his notorious partner were arrested in Hot Springs a few years ago, Larimore was delegated to transfer them to the pen at McAlester, Okla. It was announced that Terrill would have to appear in Little Rock for some technical matter in his transfer to Oklahoma, at 10 o'clock on the following day, which was a decoy to keep his friends from trying to take him from the officers. That night the officer cut across the country by the way of Waldron, and before the hour to appear in Little Rock, Lem had him safe inside the walls of the McAllester penitentiary. He returned to Hot Springs and slipped the other prisoner over the same route and he was also landed safely at McAlester.

Lem is known in Tulsa by some of the force as "Pa-Lara," having the largest family, all living, of any officer in Oklahoma—just an even dozen, 7 boys and 5 daughters. All are married except four. The youngest child is a little girl and is now eight years old.

WHEN THE HARRIS FAMILY STARTED

Away back in the year 1837, a boy, 11 years old, came to Scott county in an emigrant wagon with a party of friends. The boy was an orphan. His name was Ben C. Harris. The emigrant party was from East Tennessee and settled in the King's creek section, in the northern part of the county. The boy grew to manhood, married a lady by the name of Ivy. From this union, there were 11 children, the elder Harris, the father, dying at his home on lower Fourche several years ago. Six of the children are living at the time this book was written. They are Dan Harris, Jim Harris, W. E. Harris, now city marshal of Waldron; John Harris and their two sisters, Mrs. Sparks, and Mrs. Clymer.

Sixty-four years ago, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jamison moved from near Little Rock to Parks, Ark. Both have long ago passed away. Mrs. Jamison was a sister to Buck Gaines. A daughter, Mrs. S. A. Thompson, with her husband still reside on the old home place, just west of Parks.

AUNT POLLY ANN BATES RESCUES CHILD FROM PANTHER.

The following true story is furnished by Judge W. A. Bates of Waldron:

It was in the year of 1858, that a lady, later known as Aunt Polly Ann Bates, then a young married woman, lived with her husband on a farm on Jones creek. This farm is now known as the Circle farm. The couple had one child, a baby, some three months old. One day the mother was doing the weekly family washing down on the creek, with the baby with her. The baby had been placed on a pallet some few feet in back of the mother. While the mother was busy with the washing, a panther slipped up from behind, grabbed the baby by the clothing and made off into the nearby forest. Attracted by the baby's cries, the frantic mother gave chase with her battling stick in hand. Overtaking the panther, she beat it over the head and in crossing a log, the child's dress came loose and the child was rescued unhurt and the panther made off into the woods. The mother took the child to the log cabin home nearby, went in and barred up the doors. Her husband being away from home at work, the mother and baby were alone all night in the cabin. After dark the panther came back, prowled around the house all night, caught and killed several ducks and other fowls, piled them in a pile and vanished before daylight.

HE TURNED DOWN A GREENBACK

R. L. Shelton, now living in Waldron and being now 86 years old, tells the following true story:

In 1880, he was making a share-crop with Uncle Johnny Self, an old-time farmer in the Blackfork valley. Needing change for a ten-dollar bill with which to pay off some cotton choppers, Mr. Shelton asked Uncle Johnny to give him change for the ten, handing the bill to him. "No," said Uncle Johnny, "I had a whole big roll of that kind of money at the

close of the war and couldn't buy nothing with it. I won't take it." Mr. Shelton then offered a twenty-dollar gold piece which Uncle Johnny gladly took. Said Uncle Johnny, "I have a thousand dollars in gold put away, five hundred apiece to each of my two daughters if they marry to suit me, if not, they get nothing." Shelton never learned whether the daughters married to please Uncle Johnny and got the gold.

JOHN MIDDLETON

Among the young men who grew up in Scott county was a likable young fellow who met an ill fate and of whom much has been said in newspapers of his short career but never a complimentary remark has been expressed. The writer wishes to pay a tribute to the better side of John Middleton. I am reminded here of a remark by an Indian when he had a falling out with his white neighbor. He said: "Inside me two men; good man and bad man. Bad man says me come over and kill you; good man says go and make friends with white man and he will like you and be your best friend. The good man won. Here is my hand; let us be friends." Using the Indian's language, we all have two men with us—the good man and the bad man. The writer has never known what the home environments were but venture to say if he had grown up in a consecrated Christian home where the Bible was the text book and where there was a family alter and where the children would gather around the fireside at the close of the day for family worship and where these sacred influences would have inspired the young minds to a higher and nobler life, this young fellow more than likely would have chosen the other route in life and would have become a standard bearer of a higher and more noble life, for he had the natural attributes. He was attractive, fine looking and possessed the faculty of making friends and all who knew him could not help but admire those fine traits which they could see in him. But, alas, the bad man prevailed. While the writer was a boy soldier in the "Waldron War," ke knew John Middleton personally. We would go to the woods with our officers and practice shooting with our six shooter and John was a good shot and was much attached to the six-shooter. He was in this military service and was made deputy jailer. One day John got drunk and the officers had to take charge of him, disarmed him and threatened to put him in jail but failed to find the jail keys about his person. They thought he had thrown the keys away and had us boys out looking for them with no results of finding them. They could not put him in jail for this reason and he was placed under guard. When he sobered up they told him if he would tell where he threw the jail keys they would not put him in. He then turned up the empty six shooter holster and poured the keys out and handed them over to an officer. Many remarks went the rounds in words of sympathy for this likable young man whom everybody seemed to admire, but all were of the opinion that whiskey was his downfall. If the reader wishes to know more about this young man and of his ill fate, just ask any old settler around Waldron who knows and

may tell you; but never lose sight of the fact that if John Middleton had been shown the other end of the road when starting out in life and had been taught the principles of noble manhood and by example and precept had been taught to abstain from drinking, Scott county could have had an honored son capable of being a leader in the realms of high and noble citizenship. This incident is here recited in the hope the father and mother who may read it will take some thought if their home is not what it should be in the rearing of their God-given boys and girls.

While persuing the pages of "Memory's Scrap Book," the following incident of the brief experiences of a boy's militia happenings may not be out of place. Buck Gaines was sheriff of Scott county at that time and the jail was occupied with some noted characters who were being carefully guarded until their day of trial in circuit court which was then in its setting with Judge John H. Rogers presiding. One Saturday evening Captain Piner came to me and said, "You are placed on duty at the jail as a guard and will be called Sunday morning at 3 o'clock." He took me through short drills and gave implicit instructions as to my duty; giving the "countersign," and instructed that I let no one inside the picket walls unless they could give this "watchword." The old jail was inclosed by a high board wall with a heavy door and "port holes." It was the darkest morning I think I had ever experienced and all around was hideous and still except a flock of geese on the outside when an old gander would take the lead in repeated calls which were responded to by his mates. Finally a dawn of day light and the sun came up brightly. Sheriff Gaines came with a big pot of hot coffee and a large basket with breakfast for the prisoners. Through the port holes he had been seen before he arrived there and I had been reciting in mind the instructions given by Captain Piner the evening before. He kicked the big gate and said, "Let me in." The reply was, "Who comes there?" He answered, "Buck Gaines." I could see him through the port hole and knew he was the sheriff, but I said, "You can't advance, for the door is fastened on the inside, but if you will give the 'countersign' I will open up." He did not have it. He got hot and we exchanged some words when I told him who I was, for he had spent nights in our home on Blackfork. I told him I was just a kid, but obey my captain and he would have to get the password. He very gruffly set the big coffee pot and warm basket of breakfast down and went back for a military officer. When a corporal returned with him, all was peace. In the meantime the warm breakfast was moved inside and cared for. After the second thought the sheriff apologized and later became one of my best friends.

Another experience I may relate while this page is open. One night I was placed on patrol, the beat was from the southeast corner of the public square, running north to the northeast corner and west to the northwest norner. A curfew bugle would sound from the upper room of the court house every night at 9 o'clock which was the first signal for closing of all business houses. At 10 o'clock all lights must

be out and the streets clear. George Jones operated a aloon about the northeast corner of the square and things were pretty loud over there but Mr. Jones was trying to clear his house and when the last bugle call was sounded he had succeeded in getting all of his customers on the outside and they began separating for their homes, but not until after 10 o'clock. Two men were headed west on the north side, one of them pretty well lit up. They were halted but one of them refused to stop and in a threatening and abusive attitude advanced, meeting the boy on duty. I told them what my instructions were and also told them I knew both of them, and I reminded one of them that he was a guest in our home on Blackfork for the night when he was a candidate for sheriff, but this did not stop him. His escort forced him to give heed to my plea and when my needle gun was leveled on them they stopped until relieved by the corporal. It is casting no reflection on their good names when I say they were Dr. Davenport Sr. and Ike Bagwell. When Dr. Davenport told Mr. Bagwell that this is the kid who stood the sheriff off at the jail a few mornings before and we can't afford to take chances against him, Mr. Bagwell submitted.

After spending one month at Waldron during this Arkansas militia encampment, the writer returned to our Blackfork home and found that father had sold the farm to a Mr. H. M. Byford and was ready to move back to Sebastian county; but as expressed elsewwhere, this log cabin and its surroundings has ever been home to me. The kind readers may catch a glimpse of my love and fondest memory of this my boyhood home by reading the little rhymes dedicated to it on visits during the years that followed.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Written by P. M. Claunts in 1899, Greenwood, Arkansas, on a visit to his boyhood home in Scott county after an absence of 20 years from the time he moved back to Sebastian county with his parents and other members of the family.

I sit and think of long ago,
When we were children blythe and gay;
'Tis not so sweet for us to know,
Those youthful days have passed away.

We used to climb the mountains high,
For there the huckleberries grew;
And when the eve was drawing nigh,
Our homeward way we would pursue.

But not until each vessel full,
Of choice berries blue and sweet;
Would we abandon those dear hills,
To make our quick step home retreat.

Oft on our homeward march we'd rest,
Near by some cool and sparkling rill;
And talk of those we loved the best,
As even children often will.

When we reached our humble home,
Which stood beside the old Pine Hill;
Some one would meet us at the door,
With whose memory our heart often fills.

It was one who welcomed our return,
Where ever we had chanced to roam;
As the father welcomed the prodigal son,
Back to his dear old boyhood home.

That welcome smile on father's face,
And mother's arms outstretched I'd see;
Yes, her sweet kiss and kind embrace,
Is memory always fond for me.

But many years have come and gone,
On time's swift passing days they fled;
And with them many changes come,
Since we all left the old homestead.

But from mountain side today,
I see that dear old cabin door;
The pine trees on the hill-top sway,
As in the by-gone days of yore.

Around that dear old homestead clings,
Many visions most dear to me;
Deep in my heart is a living spring,
Of love that flows to time's broad sea.

I wandered near that sacred shrine,
Where in years gone by we often knelt;
Nothing but olden memories entwine,
No father's or mother's hand I felt.

No brother nor sister to meet me there,
Extending me a loving hand;
No one is with me those memories to share,
Nothing but visions around me stand.

Closing my eyes, for visions, fond face,
Through a veil, yet plainly, I see;
Father's own smile and mother's embrace,
And the children all laughing with glee.

Could we only awake in youth's fair morn,
And clasp each other's own loving hand;
Could we with time backward borne,
Till together we all once more could stand;

What a family reunion one day to spend,
How our hearts o'er thrilling with love;
Would leap with emotion with dear ones to stand,
A fortaste of God's own homestead above.

Dear reader: If you have read the above and have an old home away back years ago where you with parents and the other loved ones of that old home lived happily before these ties were broken by death, just go with me for one more visit to this old home when only two are left. Alone I visited, after 45 years had passed—my last visit to this sacred spot.

MY OLD HOME

Far back in my childhood I wander today,
To the old home I left long ago;
There is no one to greet, as in years passed away.
How sad are the changes I know.
There stands the cabin, the garden is near,
But many old land marks are gone;
From my heart I am calling but no voices I hear,
There is no one to welcome me home.

The fowls in the barnyard that once knew my call,
At feed time would flock to my feet;
The old turkey gobbler, the pride of them all,
Would strut while the others would eat.
But it's only in memory with them I renew,
With other recollections of yore;
To sweeten my thoughts as I pass the review,
Of love scenes that are gone ever more.

The apple and peach trees in the orchard are dead,
But the old well remains just the same;
An old gourd and bucket hang 'neath the well shed,
And I drank of its waters again.
Alone I am standing; those loved ones are gone,
But dear is their memory to me;
And the scenes of my childhood around the old home,
Where once I was so happy and free.

Sweet, sweet are my dreamings of parents and home,
When sleep gives my tired feet rest;
But sad is the waking when morning has come,
To know they are not here as my guests;
For time with its fleeting once took them away,
They have passed to the realms just beyond;
And I shall soon follow to meet them; some day
There'll be some one to welcome me home.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Upon this page I am scrolling tonight,
With my fountain pen by indelible trace;
Inked with love from my heart I write,
That time may never, no never erase.

In honor to her who gave to me birth,
And nurtured my early childhood days;
Give to my life the best of its worth,
With precepts of love which guided my ways.

Far down through the mystic ages though clear,
Come visions of days long since gone;
And the voices of children with mother I hear
In laughter's glee and in old time songs.

My soul was overjoyed and completely captured,
With this old time feast most serene;
My unfettered spirit o'erwhelmed with rapture
Awoke to find it was only a dream.

Let me fall asleep once more to dream,
O'er the unvarying tide of the years;
Of mother and home where love light gleamed,
A glow that banished each sorrow and fear.

Again in the ecstacy of a mother's sweet kiss,
Long let me tarry while vigils may keep;
The door of my soul open as heavenly bliss,
Pours in to my life in measures replete.

With the world let us bring our tribute of love,
With prayer, with songs in rythm's rich strains;
Let wings of the wave of radio's dove,
Waft our message in honor of mother's sweet name.

MY STICK HORSE JACK

Dedicated to my oldest sister, Mrs. Wiley Larimore, when she was 82 and I was 72.

Among the keeps of memories span,
Which may seem strange to some;
It is the trace of sister's hand,
On a leaflet in an old album.
It was sister's hands that cared
For me, while mother spun and wove,
And many a time a spank was spared,
Because of my sister Mary's love.

A love next to that of mother,
A queenly little maid was she;
And I her little baby brother.
Learned to love as she loved me.
Time passed on, we older grew,
She a girl, I a little boy;
Many tasks she helped mother do,
With spirit of love and radiant joy.

Other children were in our home,
But sister Mary was the older;
When trouble broke out to her we'd come,
And she could always smooth it over.
The first horse I ever owned,
Was given me by sister Mary;
He was a beautiful bright roan,
And never refused his load to carry.

A pretty red bridle made of sister's garter,
Was tied with bows about his neck;
When on a race track he was a starter,
At times I scarcely could hold him back.
He could buck, trot, pace or gallop,
And many a race on him I've run;
At times he would take a little wallop,
But the race we nearly always won.

He was no scrub, but a pedigreed,
A forest hy-brid, his name was Jack;
As sister Mary selected for me,
From a herd of pretty white sumac.
No horse since then a greater thrill,
Has given me while on his back;
No coach-paid modern athletic skill,
Could quite surpass my stick horse, Jack.

THANKS

Before closing I wish to thank Judge W. A. Bates, Sam K. Leming, John M. Martin and Scott Bently for their kind and helpful information.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

In closing this little book it is truly hoped that those reading it may find some story or some bit of pioneer history that will be of sufficient interest to bring about a feeling of closer relationship as friends and old time acquaintances. I am sure that it will be read by some at least of my old time friends. Should you find anything which is given here, in an effort to contribute to the reading public something worthwhile and which may reflect a bit of credit to the

writer as he undertakes to perpetuate the sweet memories of those whose names are mentioned and the noble deeds they performed while in the walks of life, your acknowledgment by just dropping a card addressed to me at McAllen, Texas, will give some evidence that my effort has not been a signal failure but has met the approval of at least some of its readers.

GOOD BYE, DEAR OLD ARKANSAS, GOOD BYE!

(My Swan Song).

Good bye, dear old Arkansas,
From my native home I go;
To a new home down in Texas,
On the border of Mexico;
Where grapefruit and the oranges grow,
And the oleanders bloom,
Where the roses bloom in winter,
Same as June.

CHORUS

Good bye, good bye, I bid you now adieu,
When I am far away,
I will often think of you;
The dearest friends I ever knew,
I leave you with a sigh;
Good bye, dear old Arkansas, good bye.

I love those Ozark mountains,
Likewise the Ouachitas;
I love those sparkling fountains,
You find in Arkansas;
But I will soon be gone,
The time is drawing nigh,
When I must say to Arkansas,
Good bye.

I will not forget you,
My dear old native state;
And the friends that I am leaving here,
No matter what my fate;
At times when you assemble,
In your singing convention throngs,
May I tune in on Arkansas,
And listen to your songs?

P. M. CLAUNTS,
709 N. Main St.,
McAllen, Texas.

FROM MEMORY'S SCRAP BOOK

BY P. M. CLAUNTS, McALLEN, TEXAS.

JANUARY, 1938.

Since leaving Arkansas, my native state, ten years ago, the Southwest American, a daily newspaper published at Fort Smith, has continuously been read in our home. It has been a great source of pleasure to be able to keep up with the changes in people and the general conditions of that dear old state. The writer gets much interest out of reading "Old Folks and Facts" by Miss Phebe Park. I realize that many old friends are fading and passing out and they will not pass this way again to accomplish the things left undone. Many however have builded monuments of acts which have become history and will live to bless their memory in years to come.

The writer was born ten miles east of Greenwood, in Sebastian county, October 10, 1862. With the exception of 12 years spent in Scott county, my home was at Greenwood and Fort Smith until ten years ago when my wife and I came to McAllen, Texas. Often I get homesick for the faces of friends I knew and scenes of my dear native state, and become reminicent and at times wish I could express some thoughts that may be spread on paper which may prove history and reflect honor to some of the pioneers who developed that country.

In a recent correspondence with J. B. Cox, editor of The Advance Reporter at Waldron, Scott county, Arkansas, it has been arranged that an attempt be made to publish accounts of some of those pioneer people and happenings, both in Sebastian and Scott counties. Mention of pioneer men and women whose names seldom if ever appeared in print and who may well be styled "The Forgotten Men and Women," but who were among the pioneers of this section of Arkansas, who opened the roads, felled the forests and builded the first log houses for homes and community school and church houses, in Sebastian and Scott counties. My stories will be taken from memory mostly but will be practically correct.

In 1858 three families moved in covered wagons and with ox teams from Missouri to Arkansas and settled on adjacent homesteads and established homes in two narrow valleys but very fertile land lying just north of Washburn valley and ten miles east of Greenwood, Sebastian county, Arkansas, and about 25 miles southeast of Fort Smith. These families originally lived in Tennessee in the community of Hillsboro. They moved from there to Missouri in the early 1850's. This trio of families consisted of James P. Burton and wife, Ruth; and two children, Matilda and Betty; William Nelson Claunts and wife, Elvira, and one son, John W.; James Harvey Claunts and wife, Ellender, and two little girls, Mary and Ruth Texanna. Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Nelson Claunts were sisters; Harvey and Nelson Claunts were brothers. The three families all married in Tennessee about the same time unless Mr. and Mrs. Burton were married after they moved to

Missouri. When they settled in Arkansas they began at once to clear the land and replenish their homes with domestic fowls and live stock and in a short time they were independent in the manner of living, having passed through the trying periods of privation. Their means were meager but their ambition and energy were sufficient to master the circumstances. The men took to axe, maul and wedge and to the opening up of new farms—the first in these valleys. The women spun and wove the cloth for the family's supply as well as for the bed clothing. West and adjoining the Burton homestead settled Mark Eppler, and just north of Eppler's homestead, his brother-in-law, Wm. Cole, established a new home. Cole and Eppler married sisters, daughters of John M. Martin who was a merchant in Greenwood and who will be later mentioned in Scott county pioneer history. West of the Eppler home was a family by the name of Hawkins who owned several negro slaves and were able more quickly to open their farm, which was considered the best farm in this section at that time.

THE CIVIL WAR

This brings my story to the opening of the Civil war when all of those homes were broken up and families were scattered, some taking refuge in Fort Smith, but lost most all they had accumulated on their new farms. For three years or until the close of the war those farms were abandoned and grew up in weeds and bushes. After the war all of those families returned to their homesteads to start lives over again. The weeds and bushes were battled down and the men, women and children resumed the cooperative tasks of rebuilding the homes with their maintenance. The prayers for peace had been answered and the neighborhoods, besides rebuilding farms and homes, soon became interested in the general welfare of the community.

FIRST SCHOOL AND CHURCH HOUSE

In 1866 Mark Epler donated land and the community came together and erected a log house which was known as the "Epler School House." In this plot of land there was acreage enough for a community cemetery and as fate would have it the first grave there is marked by a native stone slab on which is chisled the name of "Samuel Claunts" who was an infant brother of the writer, and baby of Harvey and Ellender Claunts. At this writing this cemetery's borders have been extended and hundreds of marble slabs and monuments mark the resting place of many of those who were avtive in the developments of this country. This is still a community center and a nice modern community building has taken the place of the old log Epler schoolhouse. It is now known as "Lone Star." In the summer of 1886 the first Sunday school was organized and Wm. Cole was its superintendent. The population of the original families mentioned had grown and they now could furnish children for a pretty good size Sunday school. The writer well remembers this log school house and was a charter member of this first organization. The first church organized here was Methodist and the charter members were father and mother, Havey and El-

lender Claunts, Nelson and Elvira Claunts, Wm. Cole, his wife and son, Bud Cole; Mark Epler and wife, Rev. and Mrs. Singleton Smith, and some of their children; and Mr. and Mrs. Jephtha Wooten. There were a few other adult Christian men and women in the neighborhood, but were not methodists but readily joined in the general church activities.

GEORGE GLADWIN FIRST PREACHER

The first pioneer preacher coming to this section after the Civil war was George Gladwin who held the first meeting at the Epler school house and organized the church. He was a Godsend to those hungry hearts for spiritual uplift. Rev. Gladwin was a powerful preacher and full of the pentacostal fire and his preaching had a wonderful effect in subduing the war spirit which some had brought home with them, but just such revivals as were experienced here brought peace to the hearts of many. Another great preacher the writer remembers was Rev. R. W. Hammett who followed Rev. Gladwin in several revival meetings with great success. During the years of the war because of the broken up homes and no church organizations, no children were baptised as is one of the Methodist rites administered to children where it is the will of their parents. It was announced that those wishing their children baptised to be at a certain service. The writer with two sisters were among those to be baptised on this occasion.

Rev. Hammett was the father of Mrs. Geo. Leming who is a noted musician and plays Pipe Organ for the First Methodist church in Fort Smith.

Washburn mountain on the south, nor Backbone mountain on the north were not in the way when the revival meetings were on and great crowds would gather from ten miles around. Many hearts were made happy in God and new lives with a new peace were begun.

Mark Epler died while living on this homestead, and his widow and son, Albert, and daughter, Cyntha, moved to Blackfork, Scott county, with the Cole family in the spring of 1868. Squire L. L. Beech now owns the old Epler home where he has lived for about half a century, has reared a very noted family. Several of his daughters are teachers. One of his sons served as deputy county clerk for several years and is now in the state revenue department. J. P. Burton lived on his pre-war homestead here for ten years and moved to Greenwood where he and his family operated a hotel for some time. There were six daughters and one son born to Mr. and Mrs. Burton. The daughters were Matilda, later Mrs. J. P. Leak, then Mrs. Sam Grayson, and is now the wife of Rev. Jas. A. Anderson, Conway, Ark. Betty married Richard Meek. She and husband are both dead. Surviving them are two daughters, Mrs. Luther Freeman, Hartford, Ark., and Mrs. Frank Paul in Oklahoma. Joe, the third daughter, first married John Robison, an active merchant in Greenwood. To them one daughter was born, Ethel Robison, who is now the wife of a prominent lawyer, Jas. F. Lawrence, Tulsa, Okla. Mrs. Robison was left a widow and later married the late C. R. Owens and now lives at Greenwood. She

and Mr. Owens were the parents of two sons and one daughter; James Owens, a merchant in Greenmood; Alfred Owens, a traveling salesman, and Nel Owens, their daughter, is Mrs. Frank Gunther, a coal operator, Bokoshe, Okla. Fannie Burton married Dove Tatum, a prominent railroad man. She and her husband are both dead. They were the parents of two daughters, Walt and Betty. Walt is now Mrs. Gosman, and Betty became Mrs. Oscar Schaap and died several years ago. Mrs. Gosman has a position with The Arkansas Valley Trust Co., at Fort Smith. Lee Burton married Jesse M. Cain, a newspaper man. She died in Fort Smith many years ago. Her husband and three children, Pearl, Carl, and Guy, live in Springfield, Missouri, Mr. Cain being at the head of The Cain Printing Company. Jessie Burton, the youngest daughter, first married Bun Wright, a very prominent young railroad conductor, who was accidentally shot by a negro porter while he and his wife with friends were on the train with lunches to attend a picnic on a Fourth of July outing near Alexandria, La. He was the father of Morgan Wright, now a well known resident of Fort Smith. His widow married again and now lives in Eufaula, Okla., but the writer does not know her present husband's name. Will H. Burton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Burton, became well known during the short career of his life. He served as deputy clerk at Greenwood under A. A. McDonald in the 1890's and was elected to that office later, being the youngest district clerk at that time in Arkansas. He died about the time he retired from this office. Jas. P. Burton served as chief deputy sheriff in the early 1880's under Sheriff H. I. Falconer. He made an efficient officer, was a lovable father and a leading citizen. The writer will not attempt to trace all of these pioneer families who settled in the vicinity of the Epler school house, but may mention father's and uncle Nelson's family.

HARVEY CLAUNTS

Father's family consisted of four daughters and three sons, two children dying in infancy. Mary, the oldest daughter, married Wiley Larimore. Wm. Cole, a J. P. officiated. Further mention may be made of this family in the Scott county write-up. Texanna, as she was known, married Wm. Richmond after we moved to Scott county. She and her husband passed away years ago, but are survived by Mrs. W. E. Phillips (Ellen Richmond), Huntington, Ark., John W. Richmond, Oklahoma City, Ben Richmond, Huntington, Ark., and Jesse H. Richmond, Phoenix, Ariz. The late Mrs. Mrs. Emma Pinnell, wife of C. H. Pinnell, was a daughter of Wm. and Mrs. Richmond. The next daughter Millie R. Tucker, lives near Greenwood, Ark., and she with the writer are the only surviving members of our family. Brother Bob died at Dayton, Ark., in 1902 and a younger brother, James, who was born in Scott county, with my youngest sister, Sarah, have passed away. Nelson Claunts and wife both died in Greenwood, Ark., in 1894. They have four surviving daughters and one son. Wm. A., a deaf mute, lives in Franklin county, Ark. Sallie, the oldest daughter, married the late W. C. Stanfill, Fayetteville, Ark. Alice married T. C. (Dora) Col-

lier, and lives in McAlister, Okla. Mary and Lou married brothers, Emmett and Ed Craddock who for several years operated a large department mercantile business at McCloud, Okla. Ed is dead and his widow, Lou, with her two or three daughters, lives in Oklahoma City. Emmett and wife, Mary, with their two children, Harper and May, reside in California.

Other early settlers near the pioneer neighborhood mentioned were in Washburn valley which lies just across Washburn mountain and south of the Epler community. Dan and Jim Glass who reared families here and became noted citizens, were among those residing in this valley. Jim Glass was a local preacher. D. B. (Dan) served as deputy sheriff and as township constable for many years. Dr. Pleas H. Chapman, the only physician in the country, lived on the south side of the mountain on what was later known as the Buck Campbell farm. He served in the Civil war and on his return located in Greenwood where he practiced his profession for several years, later moving to California.

THE BELL FAMILY

One of the outstanding families known in Sebastian and Scott counties was the Bell family. There were seven brothers and two sisters. Dr. Mose Bell married at Fort Smith where he spent the years of his life. His wife was of Cherokee extraction and he became a large land holder in the I. T. (Indian Territory). Jerry Bell Sr. located in Washburn valley and operated the first store there after the Civil war. He continued this store until his death. He was known as "Uncle Jerry." He had four sons and six daughters. He reared one of the most outstanding families in Sebastian county. His sons were Wm. (W. H.) Bell, John G., Jesse A., and Mose Bell. Wm. and John G. became leading farmers of the country and reared families who became well known. Wm. Bell, however, was the father of one son, Oscar, and one daughter, Nannie, who later became the wife of Prof. T. A. Trusty for whom the "Trusty" school in Fort Smith was named. Oscar married Miss Zetta Chandler of Greenwood. They were the parents of Miss Grace Bell, now Mrs. Jesse McConnell of Greenwood. Wm. Bell's first wife died and he later married Miss Dixie Lewis who lives on their farm home at Washburn. Her husband died many years ago. John G. Bell has been dead several years. Surviving him are his widow who was his second wife, Ora Blackard Bell, one son, Marshall Bell, of Greenwood, and his sister, Mrs. Edna Cox, and Hugh Bell, son by his second wife.

Jesse A. Bell became a peace officer when quite young, served as deputy sheriff under the late H. I. Falconer back in the early 1880's. When the Eureka Springs exritement in north Arkansas) broke out because of the health waters which had been discovered, Jesse Bell resorted there and was a lharter member of the city's municipality and bcame its first city marshal. After spending two or three years here he returned to Sebastian county and married Miss Ann Gorham and soon got into politics. During his political career he served as county

treasurer, circuit clerk and county clerk. He was appointed by the government as one of the surveyors to sectionize and classify the land in the Indian Territory preparatory to making the allotment to the Indians before Oklahoma became a state. He remained in this service until the job was completed. He was a great church worker and was greatly loved by those who knew him. He died several years ago, leaving his widow and four sons who are all still living. His widow occupies the home at Greenwood. Jerry, the oldest son, is circuit clerk after serving two or three terms as county treasure. Henry Bell is a prominent insurance man in Greenwood. Clifford Bell is chief deputy circuit clerk at Greenwood, and Allen Bell, the youngest son is in the state revenue department. Mose Bell, the youngest son of the senior Jerry Bell, but by a second marriage, lives on part of his father's farm at Washburn and is a leading citizen in the life of the community. He married a sister to J. G. Bell's last wife, Miss Nettie Blackard who is also a leader in church and civic developments of the community. One of Jerry Bell's daughters married John Campbell, another married John H. Wood who served Washburn township many years as J. P. and was considered a well informed man on the current issues. He was the father of O. C. Word of Fort Smith, a widely known traveling salesman; Mrs. Maggie (J. A.) Golden, and another daughter who was Miss Jennie Word, but whose husband's name the writer cannot recall. The youngest son, John R. Word, lives on the old Bell homestead and is known as one of the leading citizens. Another daughter of "Uncle Jerry" Bell was Mrs. Turner Ducket who with her husband lived in Polk county until both of them had lived out their allotted time. Another daughter of Unlce Jerry Bell was Mrs. Albert Ford. Her first name was Nettie. She and Mr. Ford lived at Washburn and conducted a cotton gin and a general store, and Mr. Ford was postmaster for many years. They are both dead but are survived by three daughters, Beulah, Mrs. Jim Dix, who lives at Washburn. Ila married Floyd Wolf at Fayetteville, who became widely known in the real estate game, purchasing the "Arkansas Building" at St. Louis at the close of the exposition there; moved the building to Fayetteville and erected it on a majestic peak overlooking the city where it stands as a monument to Mr. and Mrs. Wolf's achievements. Mr. Wolf did not live to enjoy the glory of his dream. He is survived by his widow and several children. Another daughter, Miss Reth, married Earl Hinkle, a popular commercial salesman out of Fort Smith. Another daughter of Uncle Jerry was Mrs. Abby Gammons, wife of the late James M. Gammons, who was in the Spanish-American war and was wounded while in the service and died while on his return home. Mrs. Gammons spent the widowhood years of her life in Fort Smith and died a few years ago. Mrs. T. N. Reed of Fort Smith is the baby daughter of Jerry Bell Sr., and a sister to Mose Bell of Washburn, they being half brother and sister to the other Bell children (of Jerry Bell Sr. mentioned above).

Wm. H. Bell Sr., one of the brothers, settled on a farm after the war, three miles east of Greenwood, where he and his wife spent all

but a few of the years of their married lives. He like the other Bells was a progressive citizen. In fact, one of the outstanding characteristics of the Bells was to "conserve the water before the well run dry." They were successful in most of their undertakings. This Mr. and Mrs. Bell were parents of three sons, the late Dr. Charley Bell who died in Texas several years ago; two other sons who were twins, John W. and James H. Bell, of Greenwood, Ark. Both are well known, the former John W. Bell served as postmaster at Greenwood for many years.

Joe Bell, another brother, married a sister to the late John Caldwell at Mansfield. They were married by Rev. John R. Steele who was a minister and lawyer who will be mentioned later. Joe Bell was in business for years at Waldron. From there he went to Fort Smith where he operated a shoe store and did an extensive business. While in Waldron he was partner with his brother-in-law, Dr. J. A. Coruthers, the style of the firm being Bell & Coruthers. Mrs. Coruthers was a sister of Joe Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bell had one daughter who married "J" Keener, son of Miles Keener who lived east of Waldron on the Waldron—Parks road. Her name was Lula. She died and was buried at Liberty cemetery two miles east of Greenwood. J. Keener later was in business for several years at Vian, I. T., before Oklahoma was a state. Dr. Coruthers who was a partner with Joe Bell at Waldron, married Mr. Bell's sister. She and Dr. Coruthers were the parents of two boys, Elmo and Fred. Fred became a distinguished physician and surgeon and lived in some northern city until his death which was in the 1890's. Elmo moved with his parents to Fort Smith and he and his father were in business in a general store for a number of years. They owned the building at 802 Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith, where Hunt's dry goods store is now located. Elmo married and acquired the old Fishback home in Fort Smith where he died. Dr. and Mrs. Coruthers have long since been dead.

John T. Bell was another brother of the Bell family. He also married a Caldwell, sister to Joe Bell's wife. They had two sons, Finton and Will. Finton married Miss Tennie Tatum, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. Tatum at Greenwood, but his wife lived only a short time after their marriage. Will Bell became a doctor. They lived in Greenwood several years and operated a hardware stove, and moved from there to Oklahoma.

Dr. J. K. Bell was another brother. He lived at Waldron where he practiced his profession. He later gave it up and went to Benton, Arkansas, where he and his nephew, Joe Mickle, conducted a large mercantile business for years. Dr. Bell lived at Benton until his death.

Jesse Bell was the last of those seven brothers. After the war he lived on the Fort Smith and Waldron road about two miles east of where Abbott now stands and about seven miles east of where Mansfield is located, there being no Mansfield nor Abbott at that time. Jesse Bell was a farmer and one of the best in the country. He was the father of three sons and two daughters. His oldest daughter, Lou Bell,

became the wife of the late Dr. D. A. Sims who located at Washburn where Dr. Sims enjoyed an extensive practice and where to them were born two sons, Mont and Merrit Sims who reside in Fort Smith. They had two daughters, Misses Annie and Suda. Miss Annie lives in Fort Smith also. Miss Suda has a position in a railroad office in Kansas City which she has held for years. Dr. and Mrs. Sims are both dead.

The sons were Charley, Columbus and Jim. Charley Bell lived at Waldron for many years where he was in partnership business with a Mr. Edwards, the firm being known as Bell & Edwards. Besides the mercantile business they were interested in timber and the lumber business. Charley was a member of the firm known as the Long-Bell Lumber Company who operated lumber extensively in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and the I. T. Charley spent the last years of his life at Fayetteville, Arkansas. Columbus Bell turned his attention to stock and farming and accumulated vast ranch holdings in west Texas and Oklahoma. He married Miss Francis Cherry and, if the writer is not mistaken, was a sister to Tom Cherry at Mansfield. To them were born eight sons, seven lived to be grown and have made themselves known in the commercial circles where they have lived. They are A. T. Bell, Gideon Bell, (this one of the brothers lives at San Juan, Texas, near the home of the writer, and has one of the best homes in the Rio Grand valley). He also has extensive farms and ranches in west Texas. His farms produced nearly 1000 bales of cotton last year. The third son of Columbus Bell is Theodore who is well known in Fort Smith where for years he operated a lumber yard on south sixth street. The other boys were Claude, Wesley, Walter and Pickens.

The youngest son of Jesse Bell was Jim. He with his family lived on his father's old home on the Waldron road for many years but moved to Oklahoma where he died. The youngest child of Jesse Bell took her father's first name, Jesse. She was the daughter by a second marriage and only half sister to Mrs. Sims and her three brothers. Jesse married Bryan Yadon, son of the late T. P. Yadon, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Mrs. Mickle was also a Bell, sister to the seven brothers mentioned. For years she lived at Waldron. She had three sons, Charley, a business man, John who became a doctor, and Joe a millionaire. One daughter, Miss Dora, married a cotton buyer, Tom Haley, at Waldron.

This ends the long chapter on the Bells and to know them as the writer knew some of them adds much to the wealth of friendship and knowledge of one of the most remarkable families who ever pioneered any country, as the original seven brothers who came to Arkansas as pioneers each contributed materially to its development and wealth.

SOME EARLY SETTLERS

The writer now returns his thoughts to older settlers in the Epler school house valley. There was a family by the name of Bradshaw who settled just east of father's homestead. Sam Bradshaw married Sis Chapman, daughter of Dr. P. H. Chapman. Isaac Wooten married another daughter, Tennie Chapman. Press Booth, a brother-in-law of Wm.

Cole, settled just east of the Cole farm in Red Lick valley. Just across Backbone mountain on the north was Obediah Larimore who had five sons: Sam, Harve, Milton and Wiley. Harve and Milton married sisters, Jane and Mandy Pinnell, sisters of Peter Pinnell. It was said that Harve Larimore was the father of three daughters before he was old enough to vote in an election, 21 years being the legal age. Lizzie was the oldest daughter. She married Green Cardin and was the mother of J. H. Cardin and the late Mrs. E. B. McLelen of Fort Smith, and two other sons, Harris and Otto Cardin. Clarinda married Will Fry. Mary married Bud Merrritt. Harve Larimore's first wife died and he later married again and by his second wife was the father of three sons, John, Milford and William and one daughter, Parlee. Milton Larimore was the father of two sons and one daughter, Louis, Simon and Jane. Wiley Larimore married Mary Claunts, both of whom are mentioned in the Scott county write-up. These three brothers have moved to Scott county, Arkansas, and lived for many years on Blackfork. Harve and Milton both became Baptist preachers.

Just east and adjoining the Obe Larimore farm in Sebastian county was located a very distinguished minister, Rev. M. A. Rast, who for many years was an itinerant preacher. He was a great man of his day and his preaching territory covered a wide field. He was gifted far above the average of his day. After he retired from the ministry he was known far and near as the "marrying preacher" and officiated in many weddings.

THE CARDIN FAMILY

Jim, Dave and Jim Cardin came here from Tennessee before the Civil war and located in this "Big Creek" valley near the Obe Larimore home. Jim Cardin was the father of four sons, James Jr., Green, Ed and Frank who all grew to manhood here. Jim Jr. married Nettie Bateman and was the father of Mrs. Geo. Carson, now in the Auburn community. Green married Lizzie Larimore and is mentioned above. Ed became a doctor but died at middle age. Frank was postmaster at Charleston at one time but died when practically young. One son I had overlooked was Lum Cardin who became a photographer but died many years ago leaving one daughter, a Mrs. Wooten now living in Fort Smith.

REV. JOHN R. STEELE

Rev. John R. Steele held a government land claim for services in the Mexican war and laid it on Steele Prairie which prairie took his name. He was also a lawyer and was commissioned prosecuting attorney for the ninth judicial curcuit May 30, 1864. His commission was signed by Gov. Isaac Murphy and attested by Robert I. T. White, Secretary of State. He was killed in battle with bushwhackers during the war while on dispatch duty at the old open well under the hill just south of the McAnally place four miles east of Fort Smith. He was survived by his widow, Martha Steele, one boy and two little girls. Will, Julia and Pink were their names. Will (W. H.) when grown up

married Ida Roose, and to them were born four sons, E. P. "A," Preston, Frank and Grant Steele, all of whom became leading citizens and live on and near their father's homestead. Julia Steele became the wife of the writer. Pink Steele married Alex Nichols who died in 1899, leaving his widow and two boys and two girls. P. R. Nichols, the oldest son, lives in Fort Smith; Steele Nichols, the youngest son, was killed in a mine accident at Huntington; Claudia married H. L. Hearn, and Gertie, the youngest daughter, married Homer Blan. They both live at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and their mother, Mrs. Pink Nichols, lives with them.

I. L. (LANE) MORRIS

One of the early settlers of Washburn valley was I. L. Morris and was known as Uncle Lane Morris. He and his wife were the parents of a large family, four sons and six daughters. His sons were Jim, Will, George and Enoch, and all made prominent citizens. The daughters were Mary who first married a Rachels and is the mother of John Rachels, Sipe Springs, Texas. She was later married to Joe P. Basham who became the parents of a large family. Sarah, the second daughter, first married a Lewis. To them were born one son who now lives at Burnville and at one time represented Sebastian county in the legislature. She later married Sam M. Williams who also reared a large family and now live in New Mexico. Martha, the third daughter, married Ben F. Dawson. They left their Washburn valley farm more than 50 years ago and moved to Burnville where Mr. Dawson operated a mill and gin for many years, later moving to Greenwood where Mr. Dawson died. They reared a large family, some of whom have made history in public service. Will Dawson lives in Fort Smith and has been with one leading business firm there for more than 40 years. Their oldest daughter, Amy, married Charley Stewart and at his death served at postmaster in his stead, and was reappointed for a second term. Her son, Halton, is now postmaster at Greenwood. She lives in Fort Smith. The second daughter, Bertha, married W. O. Reeves of Mansfield who has been associated with the Mansfield Lumber company for many years. He and family live in Fort Smith. The youngest daughter, Thelma, married Jim Gorham, in Greenwood. Charley Dawson, at Greenwood, is one of the leading merchants in the county. Earl Dawson was county clerk for several years and lives in Fort Smith. Lem, another son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dawson, lives in Greenwood. Clemmie, the fourth daughter of I. L. Morris, married Rufe House at Washburn who moved to Sipe Springs, Texas, some 50 years ago, is a noted cottin gin man and still operates a gin. Fannie, the fifth daughter, married Wm. Brazell, a farmer and stock man; they also live at Sipe Springs. The youngest daughter, Lou, married Frank Trail in Texas, but about 20 years ago moved back to Arkansas. Mr. Trail died, but his widow lives at Farmington, Arkansas.

James Morris, the oldest son of I. L. Morris, lived for many years on a farm west of Mansfield but now lives in Colorado. William Morris, another son, who married a Miss Burk, has been dead many years.

George Morris, another son, and a very distinguished farmer and citizen, lives at Sipe Springs, Texas, as does his youngest brother, Enoch Morris. I. L. Morris left Washburn valley more than 50 years ago and took his family and most of his in-laws with him and all located at or near Sipe Springs, Texas, in Commanche county. Mr. Morris lived to be 102 years old.

WM. D. HOUSE

W. D. House was an early settler in Washburn valley where he reared a most distinguished family but all moved to Texas about the time the Morris family left Arkansas.

The first steam mill to be known in this whole section of the country was known as "Garrison's Mill," and was located on Washburn creek but northeast of the main valley and below where the stream cuts through the mountain which is known as the "Washburn Narrows." They ground wheat, corn and run a saw mill in connection and the first houses built in Charleston were constructed of lumber cut at the Garrison mill. Father used to go to this mill for flour and corn meal made from home products. The writer was a very small boy and can only recall two of the Garrison boys' names, Henry and Charley. As I remember, Henry later became a doctor.

RUS BOWEN

Rus Bowen was an old timer in Washburn valley. He lived on a farm just south of where the creek turned north and cuts through the mountain. Mr. Bowen was a typical character, a good farmer and his hobby was fat horses and cattle, and he raised and dealt extensively in stock.

SOME OF THE EARLY POSTOFFICES

The first postoffice to be established in Sebastian county (which was then in Crawford county) outside of Fort Smith was James Fork. Jeremiah Hackett was first postmaster. Jake Bender was appointed postmaster there in 1850. The office was changed to Hackett City in 1877 with Wm. F. Belt at postmaster. Later the "City" was dropped and the name of the town became Hackett.

WASHBURN

In 1853 a postoffice was established in Washburn valley and was given the name of New Market. Dan Williams was the first postmaster. The name changed to Washburn in 1877 and James E. McKelvey was postmaster, keeping the office in his residence. In 1878 Jerry Bell was appointed postmaster and the office was moved to his store where the town of Washburn has been ever since.

BLOOMER

The Bloomer postoffice was established in 1861, Anderson J. Brooks being the first postmaster. The office was then kept in his residence on the west bank of Big Creek, later being moved up town where the town is now located.

CENTRAL

The first postoffice here was "Montrose," established in 1876. Bernard Seybert was the first postmaster. In 1883 the name changed to Central and Ben Campbell became its first postmaster.

LAVACA

The first postoffice at Lavaca was Myers Landing in 1869. J. B. Harwood was first postmaster. The name was changed to "'Military Grove" in 1870 with J. B. Harwood still serving. In 1881 the name Lavaca was given by which the town has been known ever since.

HARTFORD

The office was first established here in 1874 with J. B. Forrester as postmaster.

CHOCOVILLE

The office was established here in 1852 and Blaney Harper was first postmaster. The name was changed to Mansfield in 1887 when J. P. Pauley was first postmaster.

DAYTON

Dr. A. C. Miller was first postmaster at this town in 1873.

MILL TOWN

The first mill and gin here was on the old Landon farm and was an old tred wheel arrangement. This was back in the 1870's. Later J. H. I. (Irby) Burk put up a steam mill and gin and also had a saw rig in connection. This was about 1878. The postoffice was established in 1883.

BEVERLY

This postoffice was established in 1877. Thomas H. Carter was the first postmaster.

MAZZARD

Mazzard postoffice was opened the same year that Beverly became an office, in 1877. Joe M. Moody was first postmaster. That was sixty-one years ago. (This is being typed March 4, 1938. I read the death notice of Joe M. Moody in a Fort Smith paper, giving the date of his death as February 26, 1938).

WE MOVED TO SCOTT COUNTY

As I close my mention of some of the pioneer families of Sebastian county, it is with a certain sense of regret as many more could be mentioned with their worthy deeds, but these pages originally were planned for Scott county only, but I just had to go back to native home for a good starting point.

SEBASTIAN COUNTY, ARKANSAS

BY COL. BEN T. DUVAL

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1901

The following history of Sebastian county was written by the famous statesman and lawyer, Colonel Ben T. Duval and is taken from a special edition of The Greenwood Democrat, published at Greenwood, Arkansas, April 4, 1901, when the writer was sole owner and publisher. This article was contributed by Colonel Duval at the writer's request and is the best history of Sebastian county ever published, according to some of the best critics.

"Sebastian county is the gem of the seventy-five stars that bedeck the bosom of our mother state, Arkansas. She lies near the center of the western tier of counties, and was formed out of territory formerly a part of Crawford county.

"She first saw the light of day on the 10th of January, 1851, and was christened in honor of the Hon. W. K. Sebastian who was at that time in the United States Senate from this state. This infant of fifty summers has outgrown the expectations of her most sanguine friends, and in this her semi-centenial anniversary, she proudly boasts that she is second in point of population and wealth, while in education and refinement she stands second to none. She has an area of five hundred and twenty square miles and comprises within her borders the following lands: mountains and high ridges, prairie, timbered, uplands, river and creek bottom lands. Her climate is mild and pleasant, of remarkable even temperature throughout the entire year. The average elevation above the sea level is between five and six hundred feet. With all her beautiful and varied mountain scenery not more than ten per cent of her surface is untilable. The drainage is most thorough, having the Arkansas river on the north and the Poteau on the west with their various tributaries. Among the most are Big creek, the famous James' Fork and the historic "Vache Grasse." Big creek rises in the Washburn mountains and runs in the main, in a northernly direction and empties into the Arkansas river near the eastern corner of the county and together with its many tributaries drains the eastern part of the county. James Fork flows from the Poteau mountains in a general northwesternly direction and leaves the county about the center of the western border and empties with its numerous tributaries into Poteau, thus draining the western part of the county. The historic "Vache Grasse" finds its source among the rugged craigs and lofty peaks of the far-famed "Devil's Backbone" and winds its sinuous course down the rugged steeps into the beautiful and fertile valley which bears its name, passing thence to the northward throughout the entire extent of this fruitful valley, fertile as the valley of the Nile, it has confluence with the majestic Arkansas as it flows peacefully toward the "Father of Waters." This valley indeed is second to none in the state in fruitfulness, healthfulness and natural resources; in fact, we are reminded of the story: There

once resided in this valley a certain minister, among the many, who being enamored with its beauties and advantages, when called upon to perform the last sad rites over the remains of a departed friend who had died elsewhere and was brought into this valley for interment, among other things said, "Bretheren, thank God; he has gone to a better land," then remembering the beauties of his own dear land, exclaimed, "in fact, if there is any better land than the rich fertile valley of the historic 'Vache Grasse." Her forests are practically inexhaustable, comprising of some seventy varieties of timber, many of which are now being extensively used in the manufacture of furniture within our own county, there being four large manufacturing plants located at Fort Smith. Her soil, which is above an average for the Arkansas valley, is most generally a light yellow, called a mlatto soil but in many sections is a light red and will ordinarily produce, with good cultivation, an average of three-fourths of a bale of cotton, twenty-five to forty bushels of corn, from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat, from twenty to forty bushels of oats and other things in proportion. This is to be understood is the general land soil of the county, not including creek and river bottoms, and there is a great similiariay in it all through this valley, the woodlands and the prairies not differing greatly in the quality of their soil. The level, undulating and hilly are in soil much the same. The bottom lands on the Arkansas and Poteau rivers and of the smaller streams are among the best in the world, and will produce under proper conditions from one and a half to two bales of cotton per acre, from sixty to one hundred bushels of corn, thirty to sixty bushels of wheat or oats, millet, broomcorn, sorghum, sweet and Irish potatoes in proportion. Of the latter, two crops per year are grown. Market gardening is a growing and profitable industry, "Many years ago, so the story goes, 'a gentleman from the great state of Tennessee came west for the purpose of spying out the country with the view of locating a colony in this goodly land, and selected Sebastian county (rather a part of the county, but not then comprised with our borders) because of its equable climate, the beauty and majesty of its scenery, the fertility and productiveness of its soil, especially in the market garden line. Upon his return home he had great stories to relate indicative of the character and desirability of the country chosen by him as a home for himself and compatriots and among others is this one: 'Out there I found vegetables growing very rank and fine with little cultivation. For instance upon one occasion I remember noticing a patch of cabbage in which the plants had grown so large that I think it was possible for a man to drive his wagon and team under a single leaf for shelter from sun or rain and to find thereunder perfect protection.' Upon another occasion this person in company with others, when a gentleman who had been in this county and had also heard the cabbage story, related this one: 'One time out there in Arkansas I passed a place where some men were making brass kettles and they had one nearly done. Thirteen men were at work on the inside of this kettle, fastening the brads and otherwise putting on the finishing touches, and still they were so far apart as not

to be in hearing of each other's hammers.' Gentleman No. 1 asked 'What on earth did they want with such large kettles?' Gentleman No. 2 replied, 'To cook cabbage in.' In the production of fruits, berries and potatoes she is pre-eminent; the amount of money derived from the shipment of these products alone is something wonderful. It is estimated that something like three hundred cars of strawberries and six hundred cars of potatoes are anually shipped to the northern markets. The local bank at Greenwood, during the month of June, last year (that meant 1900) paid out more than $2,000 on potatoes alone. Among numerous resources we must not fail to mention inumerable and inexhaustable quarries of the world's best building stone. The numerous ridges which traverse the great Commonwealth furnish the very best of building and flagging stone. In color it's from gray to blue in some localities, but the prevailing color is gray. This stone is compact and is easily worked when first taken out, becoming hardened by exposure to weather, showing no disintergration when exposed to moisture and cold being as staple for building purposes as the best of granite. The point which attracts most universal attention is the regular from in which the stone occurs. In the city of Greenwood which is the county seat of this "Little Giant" county, her prosperous and enterprising of this beautiful and durable sand stones, of which an inexhaustible quantity is found within her corporate limits, which shows stratta from one-half inch to 12 inches in thickness, having a perfectly smooth surface—requiring no dressing whatever—each stratta being of uniform thickness.

Almost the entire county is underlaid with semi-bituminous coal, varying in thickness from four to seven feet, and in depth from 40 to 100 feet. The discovery of these rich and extensive deposits of the very finest of marketable coal, has done much in making Sebastian county the greatest section in the world—even rivaling the famous coal fields of the "Keystone" state, producing 76 per cent of the coal of Arkansas and employing 75 per cent of the men in operating the mines. In the last few years the eyes of capitalist have been turned toward this modern Eldorado, and now five of the largest coal mining companies the United States are operating in this field and alone giving employment to almost 4,000 men; their daily output is many hundreds of cars of coal, and a monthly pay-roll of many thousand dollars—thus being one of the many important factors that give employment to the unemployed and rendering us a happy and prosperous people. We might go further in enumerating the beauties, advantages and possibilities of this favored section, but will close by saying this in keeping with her expectations and range of possibilities, in point of wealth, intelligence and material development, her horizon will be broadened until she will be bounded on the east by the rising sun; on the north by the Aurora-realis; on the south by the Antartic circle and on the west by the day of judgment.

GREENWOOD

The act creating Sebastian county out of the territory of Crawford, Scott and Polp counties, was approved Jan. 10, 1851. I was clerk of the

house of representatives and drafted the bill. Prior to that time Crawford county embraced all of the present limits of Sebastian county. The county seat was at Van Buren on the north bank of the Arkansas river.

The citizens of the south side considered it a great hardship to be compelled to cross the river to attend court. The crossing was in a boat propelled by oars and pulls, and when the river was up and the wind high, persons were sometimes detained all day. There were no railroads in Western Arkansas, and the only means of travel were on horseback or in wagons, and the latter were not so plentiful then as now. Wagons then were mostly drawn by oxen. The county was organized by the election of James Clark, county and probate judge; John Carnell, clerk; and S. B. Stephens, sheriff. The temporary seat of justice was located by this act at Eaton Tatum's (the father of Maj. Thad Tatum and Judge John E. Tatum of Greenwood). The old town of Jenny Lind was laid off on his land and one term of the circuit court was held there in August, 1851. seat was to be located by two commissioners at large and one from each Under the provision of the act creating the county, the permanent county township to be elected at the first election for county officers. The people of Fort Smith desired a county seat and urged that the amount of business transacted there, and the large population as compared with the other portions of the county, it would be more convenient for the people, notwithstanding its location in one corner. The people in the county did not concede this, and from the birth of the county the antagonism between the town and the county began and raged at times with unreasonable bitterness for several years. Col. John D. Arbuckle and Rueben Coker who were the original owners of the land upon which the county seat was located, were elected general commissioners Samuel Edmonson was chosen by upper township, Squire William Stafford from Sugar Loaf, and John Jones from Big Creek. These are all I can remember now. There were two others I am sure, but as all of them have been dead for many years their names have slipped from my memory. I was elected secretary at the first meeting of the board, which was held at Jenny Lind. There were several places competing for the location, one was at the foot of Backbone mountain, on the Waldron road; one near the mouth of Prairie creek, not far from the bridge on the road from Greenwood to Fort Smith. After some time spent listening to the advocates of the several places, the board finally favored the Coker place and it was resolved to make a personal inspection. The board followed by a large number of citizens on horseback proceeded through the woods over hill and dale to Coker's, he leading the way to the future capitol of the great State of Sebastian. Coker's house was near the spring, just north of Judge Neal's residence, and the board re-convened under the wide-spreading trees ovrshadowing the fountain. Coker had offered to donate 40 acres for the county seat. The 40 acres were enclosed with a ten-rail fence staked and ridered and the spot where the courthouse now stands (in 1901) was about the center of a luxuriant field of oats. The selection made by the commissioners was not pleasing to the crowd there, as the majority of

them favored other points. It would be difficult for one whose life was not spent in this country to conceive of a less attractive spot for a county seat. It was a pioneer settlement next to the highest below the narrows on Vache Grasse. All around the little improvement was dense, unbroken forest. Reuben Coker and his brother who had settled the place I formerly owned, were the first who explored the wilds of that region with the purpose of making a home. The valley of the Vacche Grasse had not been settled to a great extent at that time. Coker was surprised and overcome with emotion he realized that his lonely home was to become the seat of justice and in a distant future a stately courthouse, churches would supplant the magnificant old oaks; and that in time would come a refined and cultured people; that commerce would find there a center and in coming years his family would become rich by the sale of town lots, and the log cabin, rude barn and cribs would be replaced with beautiful residences, and the song of the whippoorwill would give way to the sweet music of the organ and piano, and the still sweeter voices of fair maidens. The vision no doubt pressed upon his brain, producing a nervous chill, and in a few weeks he was laid in a lonely grave, and his descendants went off to the golden shores of California, the old homestead passing into the hands of strangers. The records were moved there from Jenny Lind by John Carnall, where he had his office, and when the county court was held a log iourthouse was built on the southwest corner of the public square. The first term of court at Greenwood was held by Judge Greenwood. There was no bench for the judge and he sat on a split-bottom chair in a corner near the fire. The jury benches were puncheons resting on blocks and the lawyers did the best they could. As was predicted at the time of this location, the county seat was removed to Fort Smith in the year 1852. Capt. Rogers, proprietor of the town conveyed a block of lots to the county and the foundation was laid and preperations made for the erection of a handsome building. The county seat remained at Fort Smith until the early part of 1865, when by a vote of the people it was taken back to Greenwood. Not long after the county seat was re-located a frame courthouse was erected in the center of the square, which survived the perils of war to be destroyed by fire in 1875. Tom Kersey purchased the old courthouse on the corner and established a hotel; quite a number of merchants, doctors, lawyers and others purchased lots and built houses. I bought a lot on main street and Jordan Smith built me a neat log cabin which I furnished with bedding and other conveniences and occupied it with my friends during sessions of court, for about three years when I sold it.

Greenwood has always been remarkable as the home for men of more than ordinary ability, who have been prominent in affairs of the state. Among the first of the lawyers to settle there was Green J. Clark, he was reared in Johnson county, where he taught school while he studied law. He spent two or three years in the county near Van Buren, where he practiced in the Jnstice courts and in the circuit courts before going to Greenwood. He was a man of fine physique; had a good legal mind and was a successful practitioner. He was elected to the State Senate in 1856,

and re-elected in 1860. During the war, he removed to Tarrant, Kaufman county, Texas, and after the war, was elected district Judge which office he held for many years. In 1858, there was quite a galaxy of brilliant lawyers at Greenwood. C. B. Neal was naturally a lawyer and a leader. He was not a student, read law less than most any man who was successful practitioner, but no man ever exercised a greater influence upon juries. John. T. Coudon, a lawyer, was a brother-in-law to Judge Neal and was one of the greatest orators I ever heard. He and I were elected to the Legislature in 1860, and we procured the passage of the act in 1861, dividing Sebastian county into two judicial districts, thereby allaying to some extent the bitterness and jealousy between Fort Smith and the county. By the provision of the act, Greenwood and Fort Smith each had a courthouse. Loudon died at Fort Smith at the close of the war. Gov. Wm. M. Fishback, located at Greenwood, in 1860 or 1861. After the war he returned to this county but moved his office to Fort Smith. Sam F. Duffie and his brother, John Duffie, two young lawyers from South Carolina, located in Greenwood and practiced law here several years before the war, but neither returned after the war. About the first physician to come to Greenwood was Dr. W. F. Blakemore, who lived continuously until his death a few years ago except during the war while he was away in the army. To those who knew him he was a warm, devoted friend; was a successful physician; had a lovable family. His oldest son became a very prominent doctor in Muskogee, Indian Territory. His three daughters all married lawyers. The oldest married J. B. Forrester. Miss Ora married W. W. Powell; Miss Bessie married Judge A. C. Brewster. The youngest son became a noted peace officer in the Indian Territory. Dr. P. C. Bush and Dr. Meer both from Johnson county, located in Greenwood. In fact there were a large emigration from Johnson county to Sebastian after Sebastian became a county. Among whom were the Bell's which composed a very large family. The oldest one of the seven Bell boys became a doctor and located in Fort Smith; married in the Cherokee nation and by this marriage acquired large land holdings and operated a large farm across the river from Fort Smith. Jerry Bell located in Washburn valley; settled a farm east of Mansfield in Scott county. Joe and John T. married sisters and entered commercial life; Will settled a farm east of Greenwood; J. K. became a doctor. All were known as the best type of citizens. The two brothers of Tom Kersey, William and Art, as he was known of whom I have already mentioned, engaged in the mercantile business in Greenwood and continued until the opening of the war. William died and Arthur (Art) subsequently moved to Purdy, Mo. Coleman Norris, who lived a short distance south of the county seat was elected sheriff in 1854 or 1856, which office he held until his death. I purchased his farm in 1857 at administrators sale. His family moved to Texas. He was a brother-in-law to George and John Spradling. John, who at the close of the war served as county clerk. He died several years ago. George was conducting a mercantile business in Greenwood for many years. He is the only one of the Spradling family now living.

Thomas McCord, a young Canadian, engaged in business here prior to the war. He married the sister-in-law to Judge Neal. She died during the war. He went to Canada and afterwards returned and engaged in business. He erected some of the first stone buildings here, one being three stories high and which was used as a hotel, "The Brownlow." He married a short time before his death to Mrs. Mollie Wood, daughter of my friend Tom Kersey, and she is still living and occupies the McCord home. The widow of Tom Kersey and his youngest daughter are both living, the daughter having married Andrew Chandler. Judge B. J. H. Gaines, who served as county judge for several terms since the war, came to Greenwood about the time Judge Neal came, and after remaining a short time, went to Fayetteville, where he remained, I think, until after the war, when he returned to Greenwood, where he remained until he died, leaving two sons, Marshall and Tom, and one daughter who married a Mr. Futrell in Fayetteville. Marshall Gaines and Thomas E. Little, as partners engaged in the mercantile business which they successfully conducted for many years, when Tom Little withdrew from the firm to become chief deputy state treasurer under his brother-in-law, R. B. Marrow, who was elected from Greenwood as State Treasurer. The population of Greenwood did not increase very rapidly before the war, but the people were sociable and hospitable. I spent many happy days there and especially after I bought the farm from the Norris estate, where I spent much of my time. In the neighborhood there were many farmers whose homes were pleasant and whose families formed a part of the social circle of the town. The people were moral and religious to a considerable extent. Their meeting for religious worship was largely attended by those in the town as well as in the country. They formed one of the agreeable features of social life, because it brought the people together, and in those days Camp meetings were looked forward to with great pleasure, when the whole population would turn out, camp on the ground, entertaining all who may come from every direction, they usually lasted one and two weeks. R. H. McConnell familarly known as "Uncle Bob," came from Madison county and settled on a farm northeast of Greenwood, where he lived until his death, a few years ago. He was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly, from this county in 1856, with Sam Edmonson. Both of them being members of the American or know nothing party. They soon repented of that heresy and returned to the Democratic party. Uncle Bob and myself were elected to the Legislature in 1858 at which time a friendship grew up between us which continued without interuption until his death. I recall with pleasure our association. In 1860, he was not a candidate and did not return to the Legislature until after the war when he served one or two terms in the House and in the Senate. He was genial in his nature, extremely popular at home and weilded a great influence in the Legislature, where his support of a measure almost always insured its success. In his latter years the young members looked up to him with reverence and respect and his long experience in politics made him a wise and safe law maker.

Hazzard Been was one conspicious and successful farmer near Greenwood. He raised a large family of boys and one daughter. They all became good farmers and highly respected citizens. Dennis Trammell lived a few miles west of Greenwood, his house was the home of a large number of friends who received a warm welcome. He was enterprising enough to put up an ice house and plant a bed of mint, the attractions of which brought many visitors. In those days whiskey was cheap and its use was not excessive, so that the indulgence at his house never went beyond the limits of propriety. His wife and two daughters, Anna and Mary. The former of whom became the wife of Dr. Blakemore and the latter, the youngest, married Charles C. Burton, who was elected Clerk of the county in 1856 and continued in office until 1860. These ladies entertained handsomely and made visitors, young and old, feel that they were welcome. I spent a good deal of time at his house, as our acquaintance and friendship antedated their residence at that place for many years. Francis Blaylock settled close to Greenwood, he and his family formed a part of the social element, he went peacefully to sleep one night and never woke up, but some of his descendants are still living. Capt. Osborn was another friend that I recollect, at whose house I once was a frequent visitor. He lived in the neighborhood of the McConnell's, Been's and Bell's. Uncle Frank Dunn was also a prominent and conspicious citizen. He formerly lived in Madison county, that state which he represented in the State Legislature for one or more terms.

It would extend the limits of this article beyond reasonable bounds to mention the names of those with whom I was then associated and I may have omitted the names of many whose names ought to be mentioned. I love to go back to those days in memory, and bring up from the grave the forms and features of those who were my warm and steadfast friends. I was fortunate in not being involved in the strife about the county seat, which made many of those who otherwise would have been friends, bitter enemies. I was popular in the country as in the town and in the election of 1858, I led the ticket over strong opposition of a candidate from Fort Smith. There were five in the field but Uncle Bob McConnel and myself were elected. To show the increase of population in the country, I will mention that in 1858 there were less than 1,100 votes in the county, which then embraced the western part of Scott county. In 1860, the voting population was about 1,500. In those days no one, who was well enough to attend the polls, neglected to vote. At every place where the candidates spoke, the citidens would have a barbecue, the men, women and children all attended the speaking. A contribution was levied upon the candidates to pay the expenses, which were never very large, and in 1860, a man by the name of Hulsey, a famous fiddler, accompanied the candidates and their friends; and in communities where dances were not regarded as sinful, we would spend the night dancing. If dancing was not allowed, Hulsey would entertain the crowd with good old-fashioned tunes. I thought then, and still think. that he made the best music I ever heard. One of his pieces was called "Gal on the Log," I have never heard it played so sweetly by anyone else. I omitted to mention my old friend,

Johnua McHenry Hicks, a merchant on the Choctaw line and who was a constant attendant upon the terms of the court. He died two or three years ago at an advanced age. In his early life he was fond of horse racing and gambling; in his latter days he did not engage in this sport and accumulated quite a handsome fortune. He was the most interesting story teller I ever met. In the first years of Greenwood, as I have already said, the hotel accomodations were ertremely limited. I remember hearing Sam Edmonson tell Capt. John Rogers, proprietor of a Fort Smith hotel, who had a summons to attend court, in reply to questions as to the best place to put up at Greenwood.

The answer was to put up at a horse rack and dine at a lunch stand.

The people were peaceful and law abiding. The only fatal conflict that I can remember was the fight which occurred in the latter part of October, 1858, in which Tom and Sam Dunn and another man were engaged, and resulted in three killed, a young man by the name of Mathews who had married a daughter of Tom Kersey, and two others were killed. The killing took place just before I arrived in Greenwood, on my way to Little Rock to take my seat in the Legislature. Senator Clark, Bob McConnell and myself had agreed to go in an ambulance, which was hired from John I. Johnson, the livery man in Fort Smith, and I to go by there for them. When I arrived there, two of the men were lying in the street dead, and the other was dying in a house near by. A remarkable circumstance in the fight was that the first received a fatal shot, killed the man who shot him as he fell. Another killing was by a character who killed a man by the name of Thompson in the street of Greenwood. This character was tried, convicted of manslaughter and sent to the penitentiary for 15 years. He took an appeal to the supreme court and his case was reversed. I was in Greenwood the night when a mob attempted to take him out of the jail and kill him. The prisoners were confined in the lower story of the jail to which there was no door; the entrance being from the second story by the use of a ladder. The crowd, by some way, obtained the key to the jail, opened the trap door and called him up, he not suspecting what the object was. When he got to the top of the ladder he discovered the armed men, instead of returning to the lower story, he by a rapid movement, snatched a double-barrelled shot gun, and as he was known to be a desperate and dangerous man, the crowd became panic stricken and all fled. He fired at them as they ran and made his escape. Notwithstanding the shackles on his legs. By some means he got them off and was never captured but was killed about the close of the war. I have been so frequently interrupted since I began this sketch of the early days of your city, that many persons and incidents deserve to be re-called, have been unintentionally omitted. Maj. M. T. Tatum is one of the survivors of the anti-bellum days. His father and family were always my most valued friends. He was a brave and gallant soldier during the war and has always been a careful business man, faithful to his friends and country.

I have referred to the fact that Greenwood has furnished to the state and national councils more officials of any place of its size in the United States. In the last few years, three State Treasurers: R. B. Marrow, Thom-

as E. Little and James L. Yates. Judge John S. (Bass) Little being elected several times to Congress. Is now the home of circuit and county judges; circuit and county clerks, county sheriff and assessor, and it barely lost the State Auditor, a matter greatly regretted, as the party referred to was, no dohbt entitled to the nomination, which he lost by one of the inexplicable incidents often occur in political conventions.

Years have come and gone since your city was located. Many of the friends of my youth, sleep silently in their graves, awaiting the final resurection. I am one of the few survivors, still in active life, and my greatest pleasure is in calling up from the past, those once familiar faces whose smiles filled me with pleasure and the grip of those friendly hands still thrill my heart with emotion. Their descendants and successors have filled their places and they are almost forgotten in the quickening progress of time. The survivors while healing with delight the coming of a higher civilization, we naturally turn our eyes to the past and waft a sigh for its receeding glory."

Ben T. DuVal.

SCOTT COUNTY IN 1938 (By the Publisher).

We think it will not be out of place to add to the foregoing interesting facts of early Scott county history, a short sketch regarding our county in this good year of 1938.

Notwithstanding the bad effects of the World war, the depression, several consecutive drouths, floods, etc., Scott county can yet be considered in a comparatively fair shape, financially and otherwise. We have good schools and churches at Bates, Cauthron, Hon, Waldron, Parks and Boles. Several thousand of acres of farm land have been organized into the Soil Conservation Service, and a world of good is being done in flood control and taking care of the soil and building up the waste places. The United States Highway 71 crosses the county from north to south; and Highway 28 from east to west. Dairy farming, the raising of poultry and the growing of strawberries and fruits of different varieties are variations of the farming plans of other days that are bringing in a greater era of prosperity to our citizens.

WALDRON

The author has made many references to Waldron in the foregoing pages, and we are proud to be able to state that the town is still growing, not with an artificial boom-growth, but slowly and steadily. We now have water and sewer works, a fine new courthouse, a fine library building, well stocked with thousands of books; three substantial church buildings; a high school building with a Home Economics building, gymnasium, ball grounds and with schools in session from eight to ten months of the year. We have a lumber manufacturing company that furnishes labor to hundreds of people here in Waldron and throughout the county where their saw mills are located; new residences are being constructed, and it has been repeatedly stated by people from other sections that Waldron has held its own during the last few depressing years, better than any other town in the southwest..

As we regard churches and schools as being the most important factors in the onward march of progress, in listing below the different lines of business at present, conducted in our town, we begin first with the churches.

The Methodist church building was erected in 1920, at a cost of $25,000. Present pastor, Reverend W. P. Whaley, formerly of Van Buren. Reverend Whaley has been here about six months and is doing a splendid work. He is well liked by all.

The Baptist church building was constructed in 1917, costing $25,000. Reverend Karl McClendon is the present pastor, coming here from Springdale. He has been here nearly two years and has built up the interest of his church wonderfully, and everybody likes him, whether a member of his church or not.

The Nazarene brethern have a nice church building, located near the school building. Reverend G. A. Lankford is the present pastor, coming here from Newport. He is an earnest worker and is well liked and held in high esteem by those who have made his acquaintance.

The educational interests of our county are far above the average, considering everything. The county is divided into districts, and the length of terms of the rural schools are dependent on the number of patrons in each district and of course, the number of pupils. We believe all the districts, perhaps, vote the full 18-mill tax. Prof. Silas Rhoads is the present county superintendent and he should be given due credit for performing the duties of his office in a way that tends to keep the school interests well up to the 100 per cent mark.

Present teachers in the Bates school are: Hershel Neill, Mrs. M. A. Rockwell, Mrs. James Haywood, and Silas Rhoads.

Cauthron has as teachers this year: Walter Gilbreath and Mrs. Kathelyn Sweeney.

The Hon school is a part of the Waldron consolidated district and its teachers are: Bryan York and Mrs. Bessie Hullander.

Twenty-three teachers are employed in the Waldron high school. They are: L. R. Sawyer, superintendent; Victor Jacobs, Mrs. Diaz Day, Mrs. D. G. Reynolds, Miss Omega Hollis, Miss Myrtle Rose Best, Mrs. Daisy Hamilton, M. D. Johnson, Dewey Blackwood, Mrs. Lorene May, Miss Margaret Ann Sullivan, Mrs. Nora Brown, Miss Ila Crowley, Miss Willie Jones, Miss Josephine Fuller, Mrs. L. E. Chiles, Miss Fern Pennington, Miss Tempie Hawkins, Miss Mildred Chiles, Miss Muriel Money, Miss Dorothy Crowley, Miss Mary Francis Hinkle, and Mrs. Edna Audas.

Parks has a fine school with the following teachers: W. D. Webb, J. W. Black, Mrs. Virgie Partain, Loyd Sanders, Mrs. Mabel Abbott, Mrs. Irma Edwards, and Mrs. Verna Robertson.

Boles people are proud of their comparatively new brick school building. The teachers at present are: V. T. Baugh, Rush Rhoads, Miss Reba Mae Vines, Orvill Goodner, Wayne Sigler, Mrs. V. T. Baugh, and Miss Missie Hawkins.

There are good schools throughout the county, one in each district and we think no county in the state can show a better group of teachers.

We next add a few lines naming the business interests of the town. Of our dry goods stores we have: Bates & Co., G. C. Bates, manager; The Seaman Store Co., Fred Looper, manager; L. H. Evatt, Cherry Mercantile Co., Bud Brown manager.

Hardware stores: Fuller-Judy Hardware Co.; H. E. Rice & Co., and George Boeger.

Drug stores: Waldron Drug Co., J. M. and Maurice Harvey, owners; and Butler Drug Store, formerly the Cash Drug Store.

Grocery stores: Burnett Mercantile Co., J. R. Bynum, Waldron Milling Co., Dozier & Son, Economy Grocery Store, George Barrick, proprietor; Grant's Grocery, Coy Grant, proprietor; Springer's Food Market, W. D. Springer, owner; Waldron Produce Co., Russell and Henry Oliver, proprietors; Farnsworth's Grocery; and Tom Evatt.

Variety Stores: Parsley's 5c to $1.00 Store; Miss Pauline's Variety; and Mrs. C. O. Pike.

Cafes and restaurants: Crutchfield Cafe, Isom Crutchfield, owner; Katie's Cafe, Katie Hendrix, proprietor; Earl's Cafe, Earl McGaugh, proprietor; Jim May's Cafe; Bream Crutchfield's Cafe; John Crutchfield's Cafe; Pines Cafe, Tom Mathis, proprietor; The Coffee Shop, Ted Audas, proprietor Bob's Chili; Jim's Tamalie, and Moore's Fruit Shop.

Barber shops: Cameron Brothers; Dock Dedmon's Shop; Lige Dozier's Shop; Henry & Robert Rose's Shop.

Cotton Gins: Citizens Gin Co., and The Electric Gin Co.

Garages and Service Stations: Lee Bethel's Service Station; Crump's Service Station; Southland Service Station, Floyd Lee manager; Bird's Service Station; City Service; Sinclair Service Station, Hercel Harris, manager; Magnolia Station, Conoco Service Station, Smith and Rice; Denton & Hughes Garage & Service; Harris Motor Co., Fred E. Harris, manager; Fuller-Judy Chevrolet Co., Garage and Service, Grady Hand, manager.

Other business institutions: Waldron Lumber Co., Burnett Bros., proprietors; Southwestern Gas & Electric Co., Owen Parker, local manager; Inter State Telephone Co., L. L. Thornton, manager; Sterner's Machine Shop; Dave Carpenter's Blacksmith Shop; Roy Meadow's Blacksmith Shop; M. C. Malone, jeweler; R. G. Oliver, jeweler; Alice Frazier's Beauty Shop; the A. & B. Beauty Shop, Miss Florene Audas, proprietor; Nola's Beauty Shop; H. E. Rice Company Burial Society; Madge's Beauty Shop; Overton's Bargain Store; Glen & Glen's Cream Station; Home Produce Co., Ed Jones, manager; Farmers' Produce Co., Earl Smith, manager; Blue Valley Cream Station; Hollingsworth Shoe Shop; Gus Audas Shoe Shop; Graham's Repair Shop; the old Continental hotel, R. L. Crutchfield, proprietor; Mrs. Dora May's Rooming house; Mrs. Hettie Stone's Rooming house; Mrs. Denton's Hotel; Mrs. M. C. Malone, private rooms and board; Faulkner's Cleaner & Hatters; Modern Cleaners, Chester Simpson, manager; Pike's Studio; Ted Yates' salvage; Couch Creamery; and John W. White, General Mercantile.

West Arkansas National Farm Loan Association, W. W. Crowley, Sec't.-Treas.; Waldron Production Credit Association, Genew Murphree, Sec't.-Treas.; and G. E. Crowley, Real Estate.

Bank of Waldron, W. B. Piles, president; M. C. Bird, cashier; Miss Molly Center, Claude Harrison, and Miss Juanita Hinkle, employees.

Kansas City Southern Railway Co., T. J. Gray, local agent.

Physicians and Surgeons: Dr. George Holitik, Dr. L. D. Duncan, Dr. B. W. Duncan, Dr. L. L. Sullivan, Dr. F. R. Duncan, Dr. R. R. Wilson, Dentist; Dr. Fitzgerald, Dr. G. E. Watkins and Dr. C. Bevill who came to this country from Fayette county, Alabama, in 1879. He is in his 89th year; and Dr. F. P. Edmondson, chiropractor.

County Officers: H. L. Fuller, county Judge; Gene Davidson, county and circuit Clerk, Norman Goodner, deputy; W. W. Austin, Sheriff; Elmer Crowley, Tax Assessor; Joyce Monroe, Treasurer, E. Holland, deputy; Omer Bird, revenue collector; N. H. Holland, State Senator.

City officers: W. S. Mitchell, Mayor; W. E. Harris, Marshal; Claud Harrison, Treasurer; Kellow Leming, Recorder and superintendent, water works and sewage; Aldermen, J. W. Stafford, Diaz Day, B. Parsley, Denton Faulkner, and Miles Dozier.

GREENWOOD IN 1938

Following is a roster of the business interests, churches, schools, etc. furnished by W. H. Boyd Jr., Recorder:

Farmers' Bank, W. N. Wilkinson, president; Stewart Drug Co., H. C. Stewart, proprietor; Cowne Merc. Co., J. E. Cowne, manager; Joyce Cafe, L. A. Joyce, proprietor; Murphy Hdwe. Co., C. D. Murphy, proprietor; Williamson Grocery, Bud Williamson, Prop.; W. Q. Cross Grocery; Ware's Cash Store, C. N. Ware, Prop.; McClendon Grocery, Grey McClendon, manager; Greenwood Motor Co., R. C. Hill, manager; Greenwood Gin Co., C. W. Eichling. owner; Hughart Blacksmith shop; Oliver Service Station, G. C. Oliver, Prop.; Owens Grocery, Jas. Owens, Prop.; Chevrolet Motor Co., W. R. Fox, Prop.; Stockton Shoe Shop, Elmer Stockton, Prop.; Richards Funeral home, Mrs. M. Richards, Prop.; Continental Oil Co., Jim Cotner, manager; C. E. Osborn Real Estate and Insurance; Continental Service Station, Bud Richards, manager; Whaley Cafe, Bob Whaley, Prop.; Holland Merc. Co.; Greenwood Hardware Co., Jas. Gorham, manager; Joyce Beauty Parlor, Flora Joyce, Prop.; Satterfield Barber Shop, G. W. Satterfield, Prop.; Mitchell Cafe, W. E. Mitchell, Prop.; H. N. Brandall Store; Hile Cleaners; Bell Service Station, M. V. Bell, Prop.; King Cleaners, C. H. King, Prop.; Greenwood Democrat, Earl Dodd, manager and editor; Dawson & Stewart, C. H. Dawson, Prop.; L. M. Redwine Store; Chaney Barber Shop; Meeks Shoe Shop; F. L. Lark, Pastor M. E. Church; J. B. Maxwell, Pastor Baptist Church; Carl Bogard, Pastor Presb. Church.

Teachers in high school: C. B. Smith, superintendent; J. O. Dill, principal; Little Riddling, Mildred Stringfield, Art McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Neal West, Miss Olive Hicks, and Miss May Vance.

Grade school teachers: Drew Jones, principal; Mrs. Opal Cline, Mrs. Raymond Dunn, Mrs. E. E. Gant, Mrs. Gertrude Craig, Mrs. Zachary, Miss Bonnie Beach, Mrs. Wayne Chastian.

City officials: Mayor, Paul Gant; City Attorney, Thomas Harper; Treasurer, Henry P. Bell; Recorder, W. H. Boyd, Jr. Aldermen: H. C. Stewart, S. A. Richards, Walter Baily, C. H. King, and C. W. Eichling.

WALDRON, IN 1938

The postoffice is now located in the building known as the "Red Brick" in the corner northeast of the courthouse. This building was erected about the year 1872, and in the front door facings are the bullet holes made when a man was shot from the old courthouse building during the Waldron war.

Theo Money is the present postmaster.

Representative, W. S. Rice; County Coroner, Maurice Harvey; County Surveyor, J. B. Johnson; County Health Officer, Dr. L. D. Duncan; County Health Nurse, Mrs. Mildred Ambers; County Agent, B. S. Hinkle; Home Demonstration Agent, Miss Euna Harrell.

Lawyers: W. A. Bates, Donald Poe, O. R. Smith, Tom Parker.

Justices: A. C. Gaines and A. P. Ellis.

A CORRECTION

In regard to the story, "The Black Horse Won," Page 48, the following letter makes a small change in the matter of H. J. Hall's race for Senator. Johnson claimed the nomination but the committee declared Hr. Hall the nominee and he did not run independently. Judge W. A. Bates also recalls it this way.

Mr. P. M. Claunts, 709 N. Main St., McAllen, Texas.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter stating that you were writing a book to be styled: "From Memory's Scrap Book." I would have answered sooner, but I wanted to be sure what year George Leegate was elected to the Senate. I have just talked with George. He was elected in 1904.

Hubert Hall and Sanford of Scott county and Downs of Polk county were candidates in the primary, and Hall got the nomination, and Leegate defeated Hall in the general election.

In 1900, I was elected Senator for the Twenty-second District composed of Polk, Sevier, Howard, and Little River counties. At the session of 1901 an act was passed creating a new district, No. 33, composed of the counties of Scott and Polk. As I resided in Polk county, I became the Senator of the new district and represented the new district at the session of 1903. George Leegate was the first senator elected from the new district. The last Legislature re-districted the State, and Scott, Polk, and Logan counties now constitute a senatorial district. I am with best wishes, Yours truly, Hal. L. Norwood.